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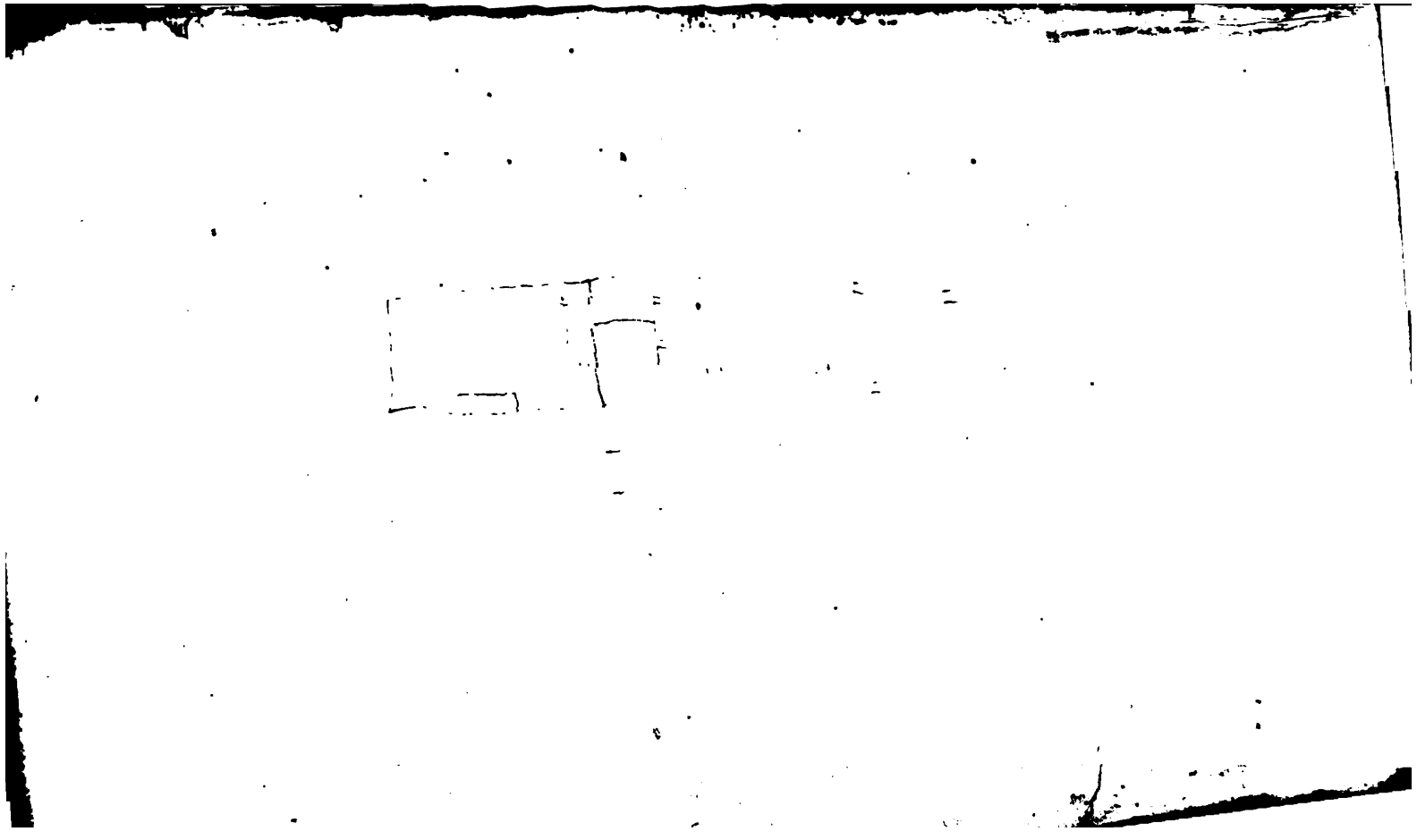
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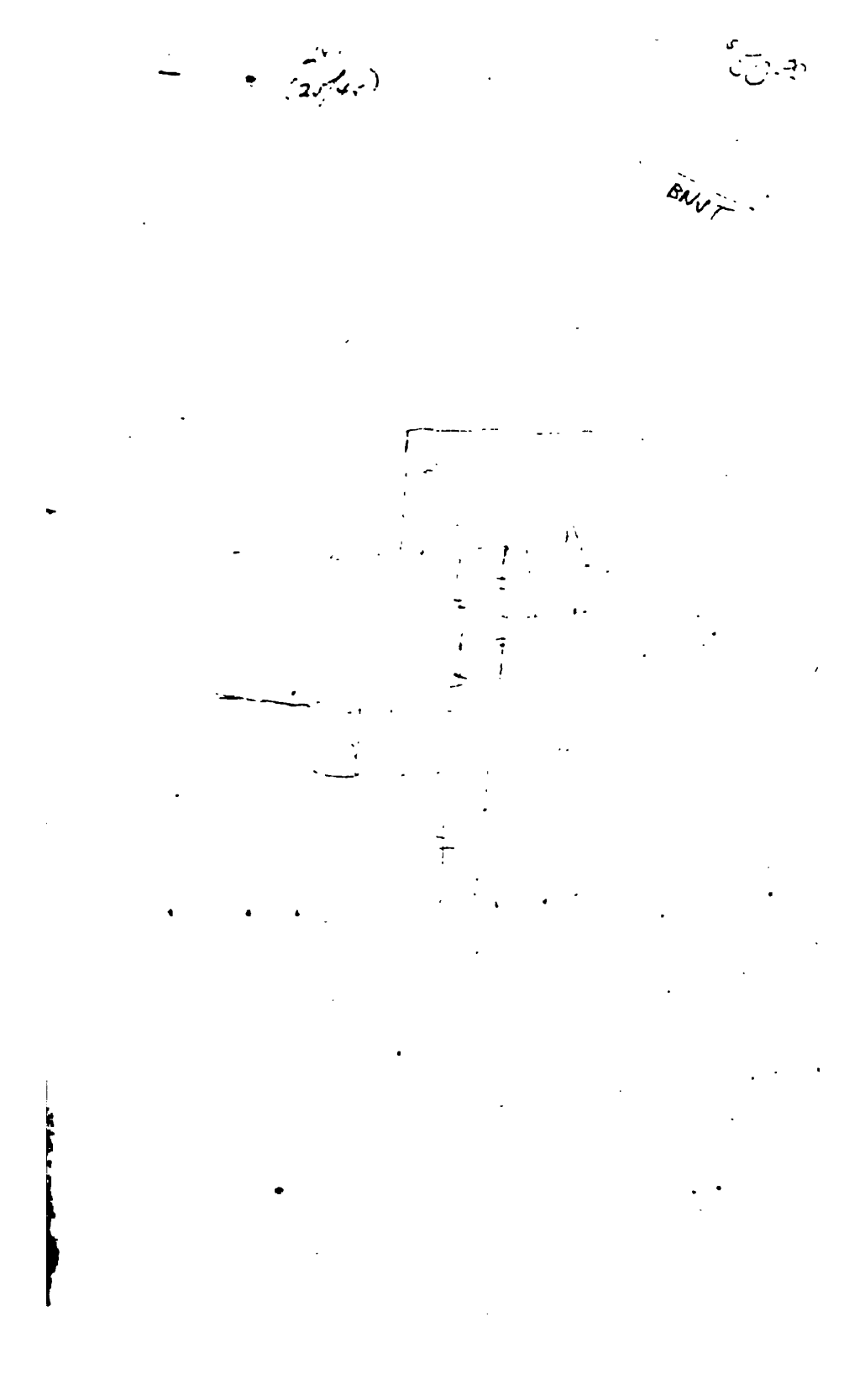

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LETTERS

FROM

EUROPE,

DURING

A TOUR

THROUGH

SWITZERLAND AND ITALY,

IN THE YEARS

1801 AND 1802.

WRITTEN BY A NATIVE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

JOSEPH SANSOM

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED, FOR THE AUTHOR, BY A. BARTRAM;

AND SOLD BY T. DOBSON, SOUTH SECOND STREET, No. 41.

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D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the District of Pennsylvania.

TO

WILLIAM HAMILTON, ESQUIRE,

OF THE WOODLANDS,

IN THE

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA;

AS

A GENTLEMAN

WHOSE TASTE IN THE FINE ARTS,

AND LIBERAL APPLICATION TO HORTICULTURE,

HAVE EMBELLISHED, AND IMPROVED, HIS COUNTRY;

THIS WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

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THE following Letters from Europe begin, abruptly, at Paris. It was the Author's original intention to have given his Countrymen an opportunity of beholding the rival Empires of France and England, as they appear to an American Eye: but finding his principles canvassed, with suspicion, by the wakeful prejudices of Party (which he is rather disposed to allay than to foment) he now offers to the Public that Part only of his European Tour, to which political objections cannot so readily apply. Should it meet with a favourable reception, he may yet be induced to prepare for the Press his Letters from England and France—those interesting Countries which, however frequently described by European Travellers, have never yet been depicted by an American Tourist.

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AMERICAN

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

LETTER I.

Outset, from Paris—Route, through Champagne—Description of Basil.

Basil, August 1st. 1801.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

WE staid three months at Paris, in daily expectation of that intelligence from Philadelphia which should have induced our immediate return, if any thing had occurred at home that might have rendered it necessary. But our letters were unaccountably mislaid at London;

don; and my Wife's health, though greatly improved by our residence in the South of France, demanded for the approaching winter the genial warmth of an Italian climate.

The flames of war, by which the fairest Countries in Europe had so long been desolated, were now happily extinguished by the treaty of Luneville; our inclination to see Rome revived; and the respectable Banking House of Perregaux and Company, which has maintained private credit amidst National bankruptcy, had offered, with obliging confidence, to furnish a passing Stranger with the necessary letters of credit.

Our old post-chariot, the running gear of which had been sadly dislocated by the

the stony ruts of the Bourdeaux road, was therefore again fitted up, on the presumption that it might hold together as far as Basil; where it would be no longer wanted: for post horses are not to be had in Switzerland; and it is next to impossible to convey a carriage over the Alps.

On the 17th. of July we set out from our gay lodgings, on the *Boulevards de Paris*, for Rome—perhaps for Naples. An excursion which my dear B—— had promised herself, in youthful reveries, however unlikely to have been realized by the Daughter of a Jersey Farmer.*

We

* In America the word Farmer does not indicate the Tenant of a Manor—under the controll of a Landlord or his Bailiff: but an independent Yeoman that cultivates his own grounds—keeps a hospitable table—may be in the commission of the peace—and occasionally represents his County in the Assembly of the State.

We drove off, full tilt, *a la mode de France;* and, having happily missed running over any body in the crowded *Rue St. Denis*, or upon the busy *Pont Neuf*, we rattled along the *pavé* toward Fontainebleau, at a rate that would infallibly have lodged us there that night.—But French carriages, French roads, and French Post Boys, conspire against expedition; and our rapid career would have come to a full stop at the first village on the road, if an *honest* Wheel-wright had not, *in pure compassion*, furnished *les Voyageurs Etrangers* with a pair of old shafts—at double the price of new ones; our own having completely gone to pieces, though repaired but the day before, by one of the first Coachmakers in Paris.

At

At the second town a *disinterested* Blacksmith, who gave his advice like a friend, persuaded me to let him put a clamp upon the tire of one of the wheels—At the third, a Brother of the trade convinced me it would be better to take it off again.

By this time it was almost night, and, being *now sufficiently humbled* by repeated vexations, we were glad to take up with meaner lodgings than might have been expected in the neighbourhood of a Palace.

Next day however we reached Fontainebleau, time enough to ramble in the Royal gardens. They were planted by Francis the First (the rival of Harry the Eighth at tilt and tourney) in quincunxes

quincunxes and rhomboids—labyrinths and parterres. But the alleys and the fish ponds were over-run with weeds and rushes—grass was growing upon the steps of the porch, so late the gay resort of pomp and pleasure; and we did not care to subject ourselves, as we had once done at Versailles to the refusal of the surly Republican that guarded the folding doors of the *Chateau*. One of its apartments, in days of yore, was nobly ornamented with branching antlers—the triumphs of the chase; and another was hung with portraits of the peerless Damsels at whose feet, in a romantic Age, they had been courteously laid. But alas! as Burke says, *the days of Chivalry are gone forever*.

On

On our return to the Inn the *Argus of the road* had discovered that the crane neck of our carriage was cracked across. —For a couple of crowns he made it *exactly* strong enough to hold together to the next town, where we arrived early in the day: but not before the Blacksmiths of the place were looking out for the custom which the Post Boys are sure to bring them, by driving *helter-skelter* over roads paved with stone.

They readily found a flaw in the new work; but I could not—or would not believe them, though they *now* spoke the truth; and we drove on till the slender clamps would hold together no longer. When I perceived that the carriage began to settle, it was with difficulty that I could arrest the gay career of the *Garçon de poste*

poste, who would have left his charge in the road, as he galloped on like a Trooper—heedless of mishap. We were in sight of the post house when the accident happened, yet the *modest* Fellow demanded an allowance for lost time; and a *diffident* Beggar, *observing our misfortune*, embraced the favourable moment to tease us with complaints.

We sheltered our degraded heads in a paltry *Cabaret*, where we reconciled ourselves, as well as we could, to the unavoidable delay of giving the crane a complete repair. It was done before night, and, as if the very climax of imposition was to be suffered by us, for the information of succeeding Travellers, the greedy Cyclop demanded for his day's work no less than five *Louis d'ors*. Astonished at the

charge

charge I called in the Landlord—inquired for the *Police*—and ended with giving the Fellow half the money, rather than purchase justice at the expense of ease.

With heavy hearts we set out again next morning, anticipating in perspective the pains and penalties of two hundred miles to come. But we were now agreeably disappointed: for during the remainder of the journey we met with no accident, worth mentioning, as we drove rapidly through Sens, Troyes, and Langres, across the delightful plains of Champagne, smiling with the clusters of approaching vintage.

The hills began to rise as we entered Alsace; and at Alten Kirchen we found

ourselves surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains stretching from the slopes of Burgundy, across Switzerland, into Swabia; and terminating to the eye in the Black Forest, the impenetrable retreat of German Barbarians in the days of all-conquering Rome—as now the back-woods of America to the copper-coloured Race whom we, in our turn, call Savage Indians.

Just before we entered Switzerland a French Centinel inquired *how much gold we had with us.* On the reply, he demanded with an air of disappointment, *whether the Citizen knew that if he were to search the carriage, and find more, it would be forfeited to the Republic.* I told him I knew it, with an air that satisfied his doubts; and the vigilant Inquisitor permitted

permitted us to drive on without further trouble.

Basil is a little old fashioned town, situated on both sides of the Rhine, which is here a boatable stream, descending with rapidity from the Rhætian Alps, along the winding vallies of the most romantic country upon earth. Curiosity impatiently demands a nearer view of the peculiar scenery of Switzerland; but we must first recruit our exhausted spirits; and we shall content ourselves for the present with overlooking the river from our apartment at the Three Kings, a capital Inn, the dining room of which is glazed all round, and overhangs the green current of the Rhine, in such a manner that those who are fond of fishing may enjoy the sport from their windows.

There

There is nothing gay at Basil but this beautiful stream, and the wooden bridge which crosses it, enlivened with the necessary intercourse of the two quarters of the town: for the streets of Basil are unfrequented by the Busy, and the chief amusement of the Idle is to reconnoitre the silent avenues from projecting lattices, the use of which a Stranger cannot immediately divine.

Amidst such congenial accompaniments you visit, with all the serenity of recollection, the lone churchyard that belonged to the Convent of the Friars Predicant, when Basil was depopulated by the Plague, during the Session of the General Council assembled here in 1431, by Pope Eugenius the Fourth; at which were present the Emperor Sigismund, the

Duke

Duke of Milan, and several other Christian Princes.

Some contemporary Artist—struck with the awful visitation that swept away together the Prince and the Peasant—the Cardinal and the Capuchin, depicted upon the gloomy walls a Dance of Death the original of the famous sketches of *Holbein.*—*In this* dismal masquerade a hundred Skeletons, whose distorted attitudes bespeak horrific triumph, lead up, in melancholy duet, the reluctant victims of the King of Terrors.

It was here, by the light of flaring torches, in the court-yard of an antiquated Hotel, that Maria Theresa (the only Member of the immediate Family of Louis XVI. that was permitted to survive the Revolution,

Revolution, which hurled the Monarch from his throne) was received by the Imperial Ambassador, who indignantly rejected the splendid outfit, with which the National Convention had thought proper to send away the Daughter of their Sovereign.

The Public Library preserves, with appropriate veneration, some Portraits from the pencil of Holbein—a contemporary Copy of the Minutes of the Council —and the letters of Erasmus written to his friend Amberbachius, when the cautious and timid Reformer had quitted Basil, on account of the religious, or political, disputes that disturbed his philosophic repose.

But

But the absurd custom of keeping the clocks an hour faster than the true time of day no longer puzzles the curiosity of Travellers, who are become, in this Age of innovations, equally indifferent, whether it originated from the indolence of the Council—the vigilance of the Magistrates —or the declination of the sun dial, which, not having been corrected at the Reformation, *the scrupulous* Municipality could never afterward be persuaded to *reform*.

There was a Roman Colony in this neighbourhood, and the Country People of the Canton often plough up the coins of the Emperors, from Augustus to Constantine; as in America, arrow heads and stone axes—the silent testimonials of Aboriginal population.

Strangers

Strangers seldom quit Basil without carrying away with them some memorials of Switzerland from the print shop of Mechel, the celebrated Engraver, who has made an ample collection of Swiss views—the mountain and the valley—the glacier and the lake; to which he has given historic interest by scrupulously preserving those local habiliments, handed down from Father to Son, by the plodding Peasantry of the isolated Cantons.

We have sold our carriage to the Innkeeper; and tomorrow we prosecute our journey in a heavy Phæton, *hired by the day*—a circumstance no less unpromising of expedition than the Driver's pipe: but no matter, I am sick of the impositions of the Post, and we can amuse ourselves with

with walking whenever we are tired of riding upon a snail's gallop.

If all goes well you shall hear from us again at Zurich.

Till when—Adieu.

LETTER II.

Journey through Switzerland—Description of Zurich.

QUITTING Basil in the cool of the morning, we rode, or walked, all day, up hill, and down, across a corner of Germany, ostensibly consecrated to Catholic uses, by wooden crosses, and stone chapels, innumerable. Among them we perceived, for the first time, with a degree of veneration that had more in it of poetry than Protestantism,

——*a Friar of orders grey*

counting his beads, and mumbling over his prayer-book; if not with *zeal according to knowledge*, at least with all the abstractedness

stractedness and tranquillity of *a Pilgrim and a Sojourner upon earth.*

We stopped for the night at a little town — Rheinfelden — Lauffenberg — or Wildenstein, in which a narrow street of ten houses on a side, is blocked up at each end by a gate-way, and hemmed in by a wall, or a precipice, at the foot of *which rolls a torrent,* beneath a covered bridge—images of confinement so insupportable to an American that we could not sit down to supper till we had convinced ourselves we were at large, by rambling into the adjacent fields, and surveying the distant horizon.

Next morning, quitting the territory of Basil, we passed through the town of Baden, as the Peasantry of the neighbourhood

bourhood were collecting in the great church, to prostrate themselves before a tinsel Madonna, or a crocus Saint, and we arrived, before noon, at Zurich, having passed in a few hours from Protestantism to Popery, and from Popery to Protestantism again: for religion has been subjected in Switzerland to geographical boundaries, and the hereditary Burgher is Catholic or Protestant according to the decree of the Sovereign Council of his Canton, when at the period of the Reformation the religion of the State was decided, like a political question, by the majority of votes.

This part of Switzerland is hilly, but not mountainous—cultivated, but not fertile—inhabited, but not populous; and exhibits nothing more remarkable to a

Foreign

Foreign eye than the Beggars idling upon the road, and the women, in short petticoats and black caps, at work in the fields.

As you approach Zurich, a manufacturing town of ten thousand people, beautifully situated at the north end of the lake that bears its name (a charming expanse of water ten leagues in length and one in breadth) the neighbouring hills rise into a stupendous amphitheatre, sloping gradually to the lucid arena, which is every where bordered with vineyards and pasture grounds, dotted with alternate villas, villages and towns, and pointed with the glistening spires of the capital, at one end, and the snowy peaks of Schweitz and Glarus, at the other.

The

The transparent Limmat flows from the lake through the middle of the town, and a broad wooden bridge serves alike for a market place, and a public walk, where walking is not quite so fashionable an amusement as it is in France and England. The principal Inn (where we had the good fortune to find the pleasantest apartments unoccupied) encroaches upon one side of the bridge, fronts the outlet of the lake, and presents between the tall spires of the churches on the right and left, the distant chain of Alpine summits—white with the frost of ages.

Here we have pitched our tents, as from this commanding station we can reconnoitre Switzerland, and direct scouting parties at will, to scale the walls of the mountain, explore the defiles of the glacier

glacier, or lodge in ambush among the islands of the lake, or the thickets of the valley.

Zurich was the first town in Switzerland that separated itself from the prescriptive corruptions of *Mother Church.* It was here that the moderate and charitable Zuinglius, originally a *Priest of Glarus, had ventured to preach* against vows, pilgrimages, and votive offerings, before the effervescence of Reformation had been provoked by the sale of indulgences under Leo the Tenth.

The Communion had been peaceably substituted for the Mass, by a resolution of the Magistrates, as early as the year 1524: but the Reformers of Zurich, being unhappily seized with the rage for propagating

propagating the principles of *good will to men* by the arguments of fire and sword, instituted a Protestant Crusade against the neighbouring Cantons of Schweitz and Uri; and at the battle of Kappel Zuinglius himself (I blush for the inconsistency of the Minister of the Gospel) fell a victim to misguided zeal, in defending, at the command of the Magistrates, another banner than that of *the Prince of Peace.*

The streets of Zurich are narrow and crooked; but there is a beautiful little square, the court-yard of a forsaken convent, upon the top of an eminence that overlooks the adjacent houses. To this airy brow we often walked of an evening to see the last beams of sunshine linger upon the white peaks that overlook the farther

farther extremity of the lake——Sometimes at high noon, in pensive guise, we roved along the double rows of lime trees that border the junction of the Sill and the Limmat, and cast a *night of shade* upon the tomb of Gesner, the pastoral poet, who was buried, at his own request, in one of the thickets of the grove.

In the Library of Zurich is preserved the original manuscript of Quintilian, from which the first modern edition was printed. It was discovered on the revival of Learning, together with several other *unique* copies of the Classics, among the musty legends of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Gall, where the neglected Ancients had slumbered in tranquillity a thousand years.

In the Arsenal was exhibited, until the French Revolutionists destroyed the political relique, a bow and arrow, with which William Tell, the traditionary Hero of Switzerland, was said to have shot the apple from the head of his Son, at the command of the Tyrant Gessler.

Far more to be regretted, as occasioned by the same event, is the premature loss of John Gaspard Lavater. The Reviver or the Inventor of the Science of Physiognomy received his death's wound before his own door, when the Russians were driven out of the city by the French in 1799; though he lingered near twelve months, and retained the enjoyment of his faculties sufficiently to preach a farewell sermon to his beloved Parishioners, but

but a week before his tranquil departure for the World of Spirits.

The speculative Philanthropist was often approached with trepidation, by Persons who dreaded to expose their frailties to his penetrating eye.—On such occasions he would frequently remark, that *no Man need fear the presence of another —since every one must be conscious of defect.*

Lavater inhabited a modest mansion characteristically furnished with a little gazebo, that commands a court leading to his parish church, every avenue of which resounds on holidays with decent Peasantry in hob-nailed shoes and wooden heels, stamping along with downright zeal to hear an antiquated Ecclesiastic,

astic, starched with the Vandyke frill, ejaculate in aspirated gutturals the gentle admonitions of the Code of life and peace.

Though the ancient custom of saluting all Strangers of any appearance still prevails at Zurich; yet such was the sternness of religious reformation, that the most formal Prigs, who make a parade of uncovering themselves in the street, do not scruple to sit before the Minister with their hats on, at church; and so little are the rules of common civility regarded in the house of prayer, that it happened to us more than once to be displaced, without apology, after we had taken our seats on public benches.—— The virtues at Zurich are probably of the more substantial cast, since Lavater used to say that he had never had occasion

sion to pronounce a sermon against immorality.

A day or two ago we hired a clumsy Swiss chariot, *comfortably* lined with blue cloth, and drove, slowly, through clouds of dust, for the weather had long been hot and dry, to see the celebrated falls of the Rhine, near Schaffhausen.

The river is here several hundred feet wide, and pours itself with thundering impetuosity over a ledge of broken rocks, forty or fifty feet high. In time of floods the water sometimes rises twenty or thirty feet, and the current then exhibits a rumbling torrent of terrific sublimity.

We crossed the river in a boat, a little below the fall, admiring the rainbow in its spray;

spray; and ascended to the castle of Lauffen, whose mouldering walls overhang the cataract—keep time to its tremulous undulation—and reverberate its eternal roar.

Finding we might lodge at the castle, where it is customary to entertain Visitors, we rambled about among the rocks till night; and afterwards amused ourselves in the museum, with looking over an interesting collection of Swiss views, the production of a Family of genius, which inhabits this congenial scite. The Father sketches from nature, and his Daughters colour the designs.

The fall of Lauffen is particularly interesting by moon-light. We were told that when the Emperor Joseph was there

he

he arose at midnight to contemplate the effect.—*It was flattering to tread in imperial footsteps.* We also got up an hour or two before day-light, and ran half dressed to a little summer house which overlooks the raging torrent: but here we were impatient to be nearer, and, half running, half tumbling, down the rough descent, we mounted with all the eagerness of curiosity a wooden station that has been erected in the very spray of the cataract, directly over the boiling foam, that rises, perpetually, in swelling surges, from the roaring gulph. Here the sweeping torrent seems continually advancing, without ever drawing nearer, and its monotonous roar grows louder and louder to the listening ear.—But fair and softly—The fall of Lauffen, with all its terrors, is no more than a water-spout to the

the Cataract of Niagara, by which are precipitated, in one deafening torrent, the overflow of congregated seas, one of which (Lake Superior) could drown Switzerland, or absorb all the lakes in Europe.

LETTER III.

Pedestrian Tour among the Lesser Cantons.

THERE is a constant succession of agreeable Company, from all parts of Europe, at the genteel *table d'hotes* in Switzerland; and they are frequented, without scruple, by Ladies, as well as Gentlemen.—Even English Travellers here overcome their National aversion to a public table, and condescend to partake the pleasures of general intercourse, and receive the benefit of mutual information. Where all are Strangers no one is strange, and a New-Comer readily familiarises himself with Persons in the same predicament though he has never seen them before, and may never see them again. Where

all are supposed equally ignorant of each other, Nobody inquires who Such a One is of Any Body else; and Every Body is too much absorbed in his own *whence* and *whither* to trouble himself about other People's.

In such a situation my B—— had no inclination to expose her wavering health to the fatigues of a desultory ramble from mountain to mountain, and from valley to valley; and, preferring the tranquil amusements of Zurich, to all the scenery of the Alps, she permitted her Husband and a French Gentleman, actuated by the same restless curiosity, to fatigue themselves at their leisure, in a pedestrian tour through the Lesser Cantons, so singularly isolated from the rest of the world by adamantine ridges.

The

The cultivated tracts of the heart of Switzerland exhibit little distinctive character, beyond the peculiarly sheltered look of broad thatched roofs, projecting over low walls, and parsimoniously including, under one inclosure, house, barn and stable. We therefore took Coach for Berne, and must have been half asleep in our stupifying conveyance (which was admirably calculated for the exclusion of extensive prospects) as we traversed the vallies watered by the Reuss, the Limmat, and the Aar, without noticing amidst surrounding woods, the mingled ruins of the ancient Vindonissa, and the modern Hapsburg—the modest patrimony of Rhodolph, a Swiss Baron, who, in an Age less fertile of political revolutions than the present, became Emperor of Germany, and Founder of the House of Austria.

The

The bridge of Wettingen, celebrated as the last work of Ulric Grubenman, suspended over the Limmat by an arch of timber two hundred and forty feet over, was destroyed by the French. It was covered with a *hænge werk* or pent-house, as usual in Switzerland—a style of finish totally destructive of picturesque effect. But it must have been the widest arch in the World, excepting that which has been thrown two hundred and forty-four feet over the river Piscataqua, in New Hampshire, by Timothy Palmer—another self-taught Architect; since it somewhat exceeded the justly boasted iron bridge of Sunderland in Great Britain.*

As

* The Pont y Pridd, sprung over the river Taafe, in Wales, by William Edward, in 1750, is supposed to be the boldest *stone* arch in the world—its chord is one hundred and forty feet.

As we passed through Hindelbanck, we stopped to see the famous tomb whose striking design has given it a celebrity to which its execution could not entitle it.—The Wife of a Pastor of the village, happening to die in child-bed, while an eminent Statuary was employed in erecting a monument for a Person of Quality, he conceived the sublime idea of representing the Mother, bursting through a flat tomb stone, at the sound of the last trumpet, and exclaiming as she ascends to glory with the Child in her arms,

Herr! hier bin ich, und das kind so du mir gegeben hast.[*]

Strangers now rarely pass through the town of Hindelbanck without inquiring for

[*] Lord! here am I, and the Child which thou hast given me.

for *the tomb of Madame Langhans:* but the mausoleum of Count d'Erlach would never have been heard of, had it not been for the beautiful idea to which it accidentally gave birth.

Berne I had seen before, and the houses looked as dark, and the streets as solitary, as ever, the few Passengers there are being hid by the low arcades, on which the houses are erected. It is almost surrounded by the Aar, and from the battlements of the town you see the snowy peaks of Jungfrauhorn, Schreckhorn, and Wetterhorn, rising like white clouds, upon the distant horizon.

The public walk rises a hundred feet perpendicular, over the rimpling stream; yet we were told that a Man had once fallen from

from the parapet—or jumped over it—without breaking his neck.

Society is on an agreeable footing at Berne, it being the residence of a number of genteel Families who assemble every afternoon, at each other's houses, and receive Strangers without reserve, to give a *zest to their domestic amusements*: for the *occupations of commerce are deemed* degrading by the *petty* Lords of Berne, and most of them have been long enough in Foreign service to have a relish for political inquiries.

Criminals are employed at Berne, in useful labour, to defray the expenses of their maintenance; but with too little regard to their own feelings or the sensibility of Others, which are equally wounded by

by the unnecessary exposure of the unfortunate Objects of public justice.—

In the town-ditch was formerly exhibited a sight less offensive to the feelings of humanity.—A succession of Alpine Bears, the symbols, or the supporters, of the arms of Berne, had been kept up from time immemorial. They were cherished with religious care, as the palladium of the State—But, like the Eagles of Geneva, the Bears of Berne have long since changed their native skies for the menagerie of Paris; where the Gallic Cock claps his new-fledged wings, and crows over all the beasts in Europe—whether rampant, or couchant, upon the field of honour.

We

We now set out on foot, and arriving at Neufchatel, thirty miles from Berne, as the setting sun glittered upon its slender pinnacles, we passed the famous town-house, without stopping to inquire at whose expense it was erected—and, once seated at the Inn, we could have dispensed with our suppers in favour of our beds, which you may be sure we were in no hurry to quit the next morning.

Neufchatel stands upon the declivity of a hill; and the neighbouring Vineyards have been formed with persevering industry upon the precipitous slope, by means of parallel walls, whose narrow intervals are filled with earth, that has been carried up in baskets from below.

After dining upon Trout from the Lake—without having made such minute inquiries into the state of the manufactories as would have interested Dealers in Watches, or Printed Calicoes, or appreciated like Politicians the peculiar privileges of the Place, which acknowledges the sovereignty and enjoys the protection of the King of Prussia, as heir to its Liege Lords the ancient Counts of Chalons, we pursued our walk towards the pass of Pontarlier, a natural postern in the wall of Mount Jura, like the wind-gap of the Blue Ridge, near the forks of Delaware, apparently designed by Providence to facilitate the intercourses of civilized life.

We should not have stopped for the night at a village fifteen miles on the road

to

to Burgundy, had we been able to have reached before dark Moutiers Travers, a mountain hamlet, famous for its picturesque situation, and the temporary residence of the celebrated John James Rousseau.

The little cluster of cottages is situated among broken crags, only accessible on the French side, by a defile, so narrow that a chain may be stretched from rock to rock. In the year 1476, at the head of a numerous army, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, here attempted, in vain, to force his way into Switzerland; and the impetuous Prince was only more successful, at the Pass of Joigné, to provoke Defeat, at the Lake of Morat—and Death, at the Battle of Nancy.

Rousseau

Rousseau here occupied a little wooden Thatch, in front of which there is a narrow gallery, boarded up at the ends, to shelter its humble Tenants from the driving winds, which often rush in tornadoes from the neighbouring clefts. The eccentric Philosopher had bored holes through this partition, by means of which he could reconnoitre approaching Visitors, and admit, or refuse, them according to his humour.

From this sequestered corner issued forth upon the world, the *Lettres ecrites de la montagne*, among other productions of one of the most fertile and fascinating pens, that ever was pointed in the cause of infidelity.

Whilst

Whilst Rousseau resided here, in a state of abject poverty, the great Frederick offered him a pension of a hundred a year. But the proud Philosopher refused the princely boon, with as much haughtiness as Diogenes himself; when the inhabitant of a tub—whose only furniture was a porringer, desired Alexander *not to stand in his light*, as the only favour he had to ask from Royal munificence.

After residing three years in this secluded situation, the modern Cynic gave, or received, offence; and the unhappy victim of both real and imaginary persecutions, took refuge in the little Island of St. Pierre, in the Lake of Bienne—a romantic corner which we visited on our return to Zurich, and were entertained at

at a Farm-House, that had been formerly a Convent, where the apartment of *Jean Jacques* is still shown to Strangers, many of whom leave their names and lucubrations upon the walls.

Here Rousseau thought he could have been perfectly happy, and had actually begun to amuse himself with botanical researches: but the orthodox Government of Berne, would not suffer the Disseminator of Infidelity to remain in their territories; and he was obliged to seek another shelter from the storms which he had himself excited.

We turned our backs without regret upon the verdant solitude, fringed with shrubbery, and bordered with transparent waves; although the theoretical Visionary

sionary describes the listless moments he spent here—sauntering about the fields, or paddling in the water—unnoticed and unemployed, as the happiest period of his restless, and eventful, life.

Landing upon the east side of the Lake, we pursued our route towards Berne. But night overtook us, before we reached the Inn where we meant to lodge, and we walked, for an hour or two, in the dark—losing one object of hope after another, in that silent expectation which accompanies the unlooked for delay of benighted wanderers.

At last however we distinguished with certainty the welcome sign-post, and gladly took shelter in a little *Wirths-Haus*; though

though it was crowded with noisy Topers, enveloped in clouds of smoke.

Next morning we rose with the lark, walked through Berne before the easy Cits had left their beds, breakfasted, on the banks of the Aar, upon a loaf of bread, and a bottle of wine; and brandishing our oaken staffs, went on again with fresh spirits for Thun. But, as it often happens with occasional walkers, we had by this time overdone our strength, and about ten o'clock we condescended to embrace the friendly relief of a Swiss light-waggon, in which five or six People are conveniently drawn by a single horse.

By this means we reached the place we aimed at, before noon, where, a passage-boat for the other end of the lake being ready

ready for us by the time we had dined, we embarked for the village of Unterseen, ten or twelve miles distant.

We sailed it in a few hours, and toward evening, landed upon the narrow isthmus which separates the lakes of Thun and Brientz—Grey rocks close it up on one side, and on the other the stupendous peak of Jungfrauhorn—the Virgin summit, that has never yet been scaled by the most adventurous Hunters, in pursuit of the bounding Marmot, or the flying Chamois.

I regretted that time would not permit our visiting the Glaciers in the vicinity, though I had seen those of the valley of Chamouni, when I was first in Switzerland. These accumulated masses of

snow, congealed to solid ice, by the alternate operations of thawing and freezing, occupy the upper vallies, like so many frozen lakes, the surface of which is riven into unfathomable fissures, by the occasional variations of the atmosphere.

The town of Unterseen that occupies this sequestered nook, is in perfect unison with the Alpine scenery with which it is overhung. Its timber hovels, covered with grey moss, stand, in and out, back or edge, as if they had grown out of the rocks, or been huddled together, in haste, for mutual shelter, around the jagged eaves, and forked pinnacles, of a gaunt Town-house. Large stones, piled upon the roofs to prevent their being blown away, bespeak the violence of the wintry winds; and projecting eaves, indicate the

the concomitant danger of being overwhelmed in drifted snow.

The meagre Inhabitants of this Alpine valley, reconnoitered our straggling Party from every peep hole; and whole crowds of Women and Children followed us through the town, to satisfy their famished curiosity with the outlandish sight.

I could have spent an hour or two in fixing upon my memory the characteristic appendages of a place so romantically wild: but night approached, and a second boat was waiting for us, on the lake of Brientz to convey us to the valley of Hassli.

The lake of Brientz is not so wide as that of Thun, being hemmed in by stupendous precipices, that descend almost perpendicularly

perpendicularly to the water's edge, and render the navigation of it both difficult, and dangerous.

Dark clouds had already begun to roll round the loftiest peaks, and as they descended along the ravines, in whelming tornadoes, the last gleam of sun-shine, pale and colourless, shot a sinister ray athwart impending horrors. Night closed upon us by degrees, and we dashed from wave to wave, in gloomy silence, till the moon arose *in clouded majesty* over the eastern ridges, and lighted us to the place of our destination.

The next day we laid by till afternoon, and then, procuring a Guide to conduct us over the heights, we walked through a mountain village, and returned,

ed, with pleasure, the hearty salutations of the good people of the place, who were enjoying the repose of a holiday; in knots and clusters, with a simplicity that recalled the fabled innocency of the Golden Age.

In two hours we attained the summit of the ridge which separates the *heterodox* Canton of Berne from the *orthodox* district of Unterwalden, whose Inhabitants zealously preserve in the bosom of surrounding mountains, the minutest ceremonies of *the religion of their Fathers.*

From this commanding eminence, we had a bird's-eye view of the valley of Hassli, and unwillingly turned our backs upon the fairy scene, studded with cottages, and embroidered with alternate fields and woods,

woods, to jump after our Guide, from rock to rock, hewn with laborious perseverance into shapeless steps, to form a practicable descent into the narrow valley of Unterwalden, whose winding course includes a separate system of religion and policy, for the government of a few hundreds of isolated Mountaineers.

Literally descending from the clouds, we landed toward evening upon a little plain, just big enough for a lake and a village; overtopped by rugged mountains, which must in winter almost totally exclude the sun.

Next morning we would gladly have procured a conveyance of some kind; but nothing half so good as a Pennsylvania market cart was to be had in the village;

village; and we afterward discovered, at our leisure, that the road, or rather path-way, was too steep and stony to admit of any thing better.

We arrived however by noon at Alpnach, a straggling village upon the lake of the Four Cantons, the centre of this romantic country, and the scene of many a traditionary tale.

Here we took boat twelve miles on our way toward Zurich. About half way, we passed by that arm of the lake over which Lucerne displays its picturesque turrets, and saw the rays of the descending sun irradiate the vapoury clouds which perpetually hover round a stupendous peak of rocks, that rises perpendicularly from the lake.

We

We regretted missing a sight of the celebrated model of this part of Switzerland, in which General Pfeiffer, a native of Lucerne, has represented with equal accuracy, mountains and lakes, rivers and cataracts, cottages and towns; exhibiting in one view the Cantons of Lucerne, Zug, Berne, Uri, Schweitz, and Unterwalden. But we were now in haste to get back to Zurich, where I was by this time impatiently expected by my Better-Half.

Next morning therefore we continued our route on foot, after stopping to contemplate a little chapel, erected on the spot where (according to Tradition—in despite of the silence of History) Tell shot the Tyrant Gessler, and asserted the liberties of his country. Over the entrance are the following quaint but ominous lines.

Hier

Hier ist Gessler's hochmuth vom Tell erschossen,
Und der Schweitzer edle freiheit entsprossen.
Wie lang wird aber solche wæhren?
*Noch lang wenn wir die Ælte waren.**

Arriving at the lake of Zug, surrounded with hanging vineyards, and cultivated fields, we took boat again for the capital of the Canton, and, continuing our walk fifteen miles further, across fields and plains, we again reached Zurich; after having made a circuit of three hundred miles, the greatest part of which had been performed *on foot* with an advantage of observation, richly worth the *purchase of fatigue.*

* Here the proud tyrant Gessler fell,
And liberty was won by Tell:
How long t'will last, you ask, and tremble—
Long as the Swiss their Sires resemble.

LETTER IV.

Journey, across Mount St. Gothard, to Milan—Description of the Cathedral.

WE had now nothing more pressing than to prepare for Italy; and, on the 1st. of September, we took coach for Brunnen, a little village on the lake of the Four Cantons, where we arrived next day, at noon; after passing through a rugged and mountainous country, though generally thick set with comfortable farm-houses, as in the settled parts of the United States.

Passing by Schweitz, the capital of a small Canton of the same name, we were struck with the picturesque effect of

of the clouds, which had gathered in circling volumes, round the body of an isolated mountain, while its rocky summit, invisibly supported in the air, glowed with the warm refulgence of a noonday sun.

At Brunnen, where the cantons of Uri, Schweitz, and Unterwalden, first allied themselves by a defensive treaty, we took boat for Fluellen; rowing between rugged mountains, shagged with firs. Among them we frequently espied *cubic* cottages, surrounded with little patches of cultivation, perched, at such tremendous heights, upon the very edge of overhanging precipices, that we could scarcely contemplate them without apprehensions, that some of the little boxes would

would slide off from their shelving ledges, and come down upon our heads.

One of these cultivated specks, actually fell into the lake not long since, together with its little tenement, and all that it contained.

At the foot of a neighbouring ridge, is the valley of Gerisau, forming the smallest Republic in Europe. It can only be approached by water, and the Lilliputian Commonwealth is little more than two leagues in length; yet it contains twelve hundred souls; among whom sumptuary laws would be superfluous, since the keeping of a saddle-horse is there an unknown luxury.

Near

Near the upper end of the lake, a little chapel appears upon the left. It is erected upon the very spot, says Tradition, where Tell escaped from his Persecutors, when they were conveying him to prison.—As the boat coasted the shore, to avoid a rising tempest, the hero jumped out upon the rocks, at a desperate leap, and mocked the tardy pursuit of his Conductors.

We landed to contemplate the venerated spot, and found the walls of the chapel rudely painted with the real or imaginary exploits of the Patron of Switzerland—recollecting with patriotic sensations the reception of William Penn, at Shackamaxon, in the wig-wam of king Tammany.

We

We disembarked at Fluellen, the port of communication between Switzerland and Italy, for the exchange of cattle and cheese, against rice, silk stuffs, &c. and walked a mile or two, to Altdorf, the capital of Uri, a place that was burnt by the French, when they retreated before the Russians, in 1799. It is now rapidly rebuilding, in a good modern stile, which gives it the lively air of an American town: new houses rising on all sides, beneath thick groves, preserved as a security from falling Avalanches.

The venerable tree was long preserved, in the market-place of Altdorf, to which the Son of the Hero of Switzerland was bound with thongs, when the Father shot the apple from the head of his

his Son and told the inquiring Tyrant, *for whose head*, he intended another arrow—*if he had missed his aim.*

From hence we sent forward our baggage to Andermat, in the valley of Urseren, being resolved to ascend St. Gothard, at our leisure—on foot.

A walk of seven miles, through a pleasant valley, watered by the Reuss, brought us to the foot of the mountain, from whence it is near twenty miles to the hermitage, on its summit.

We dined at a rural Inn, and in the afternoon began to ascend the elevated spine of the Alps, by a winding road, that skirts the precipices, which overhang a roaring torrent, as it descends from the crown

crown-level, and forms one of the sources of the Rhine. It is frequently concealed from the sight by dark firs, among which, in alternate shade and sunshine, we met long trains of mules, loaded with Italian luxuries, tracing a zig-zag course—in opposite directions.

At the end of five or six miles, we reached Wasen, a wretched village, situated among savage rocks. The Inn was already taken up by French Soldiers. There was therefore no alternative, but to beg a night's lodging, in the neighbourhood—A hopeless errand, you'll say, without the language of the country, to explain our wants. But the first door I knocked at was opened with an accommodating air; and I have since been pleased that the occasion had once occurred,

to

to prove the native hospitality of a Swiss cottage.

Next morning, before we pursued our journey, I followed the Peasants of the village to a little chapel, where an artless Priest was celebrating the morning mass. I was there shocked for the first time with a sight very common in Catholic countries, I mean an open charnel-house, in which gaping skulls are indecently exposed to view, for the purpose of exciting commiseration for the Souls in purgatory. A horrid custom, peculiarly to be regretted in these Alpine vallies, where the ceremonies of Religion are the principal amusements of the secluded Inhabitants, and the knolling bell is the only sound that interrupts the monotony of silence and solitude.

We now applied ourselves to ascend the barren valley of Schoellenen, insensible of fatigue, engrossed as we were by the stupendous objects with which we were surrounded—every now and then encountering, not without a slight tincture of apprehension, straggling Parties of disbanded Soldiers, returning from Italy, and shivering with cold, while we were sweltering with heat.—The poor Fellows were only three days from Milan, where they told us it was too hot to stir in the day time, or to sleep at night, as we sometimes have it in America, when the wind is from the South.

Now and then a Capuchin Friar, with his beard and sandals, gave peculiar interest to the Alpine scenery.

After

After winding about for some hours round perpendicular rocks, that seemed to have been cleft asunder on purpose to form the tortuous passage, strong puffs of wind, accompanied with spray, warned us, before we could see it, of our approach to the foaming cataract, over which has been thrown an aerial arch called the Devil's bridge.

This tremendous pass was obstinately disputed by the French, when General Suwarrow entered Switzerland, at the head of 20,000 Men. A small body of French Troops, retreating before superior force had destroyed the bridge behind them, and continued to defend the yawning gulph, against the murderous fire of the Invaders, until a few planks, slightly fastened together with the officers scarfs,

scarfs, were thrown across the breach, and the dauntless corps, the greatest part of which had by this time fallen into the precipice they defended, was overpowered by numbers, rushing desperately over the frightful chasm, the crevices of which were heaped with the bodies of the slain.

The object of Suwarrow was to form a junction with the Russian and Austrian Forces, then encamped in the neighbourhood of Zurich. But they were defeated by Massena, at this critical juncture, and the Russian Veteran was fain to throw his artillery into the lakes, and make good his retreat, across ridges, till then deemed impassable to any thing but goats.

After

After crossing the bridge, this singular road assumes a zig-zag course, and enters a subterraneous passage, cut through the solid rock; from whose midnight darkness you gladly emerge upon broad daylight, in the valley of Urseren; an opening scene of pastoral tranquillity, in which at a little distance appears the village of Andermat, sheltered by a ridge of firs, the only trees that will grow in so elevated and confined a situation.

The vale of Urseren is 4000 feet above the level of the sea, and it is probably the highest spot in the world, inhabited by twelve hundred people. They would be totally separated from the rest of mankind, if it was not for the winding mule-path, which has here crossed the Alps ever since the days of Cæsar

Cæsar, who is said to have first surmounted the stupendous barrier.

This is one of the easiest, and most frequented passes into Italy, and it is practicable, at all times of the year, though sometimes under drifts of snow, through which the neighbouring Peasants are constantly employed to keep the road open.

We had no sooner recovered from the fatigue we had undergone, than we set out on an excursion into the country of the Grisons. The first village of which, though but twelve miles distant, is so completely separated from Andermat, by rocks and mountains, piled upon one another, till they literally reach the clouds, that the Inhabitants speak a different lan-

guage,

guage, which preserves to this day a number of latin words and phrases, received from their Roman Conquerors two thousand years ago.

From the top of a mountain on our way, between snowy summits, rising like a boundless ocean—wave beyond wave, we had a bird's-eye view of

——Those hilly regions, where, embrac'd
*In peaceful vales, the happy Grisons dwell,**

under the characteristic, or endearing, appellations, of *the Grey League,—the League of Ten Jurisdictions—or the League of God's House.*

Such

* Thomson.

Such is here the transparent purity of the air, that the sky assumes a peculiar blue. Immense glaciers glittered around us in sparkling sunshine, and from the nearest of them we felt the wind so sharp and piercing that we were insensible of the least fatigue, though we had been clambering for hours up frightful precipices. But my B——— had unfortunately sprained her ancle, in endeavouring to spare her Supporter, and before we could reach Tavetch, in the valley of *Sopra Selva*, she was hardly able to lift her right foot from the ground.

At the Inn, or rather ale-house, which was not distinguished—even by *a bush*, from the private houses of the village, we found a jolly Benedictine from the Abbey of Dissentis, a lordly monastery which

which has been destroyed by the French. He was a son of the Family, and now lived at home, at his ease—amusing himself, occasionally, with his beads and prayer-book.

In the dusk of the evening, the Wives and Daughters of the village collected together in a humble chapel, scarcely distinguishable from the neighbouring thatches, as the house of prayer; and began to chaunt *even-song*, with such penetrating fervor, that I could not forbear to join the little Congregation, and was surprised to find that there was no Priest to direct their devotion—by the glimmering twilight of a single lamp.

A few Men attended, in a corner, who joined in the responses with languid in-

difference, apparently between sleeping and waking. But the superior devotion of the gentle Sex is nothing new; and perhaps the cause might be found in the difference of their constitutions, and mode of living. The active part which Men are fitted, and obliged, to take, in the perplexing affairs of life, naturally absorbs the attention, in a greater degree, than the tranquil round of Female occupations; which, however necessary, or laborious, in domestic economy, leave the mind more at liberty to dispose itself, for the duties of religion.

In this secluded valley—shaded by frowning ridges from the noon-day sun, trees degenerate into bushes, and the little rye or barley that is only ripened with unremitting attention, must be dried rather

ther by cold than heat, upon crossed poles, which räise the scanty harvest to the searching winds.

On our return to Andermat, the weather became cold and rainy, and we gladly embraced the first opportunity to make our escape out of the uncomfortable valley—over which Winter lowers, in *whelming fogs*, eight or nine months of the year.

A rough ascent of six or seven miles, during which we passed, at intervals, through dripping clouds, that magnified the savage horrors of perpendicular precipices, and leaping cataracts, brought us to the craggy summit of St. Gothard, or rather to the stony level six thousand feet high, on which is the Hospice, surrounded

ed by insulated crags of granite—the fragments of a broken world, over which *the friendly power of vegetation* has never been able to spread its verdant mantle.

We gladly left behind us the misty vapours from which the north side of the mountain is seldom clear, and were rejoiced to find the weather brighten upon us, as we rapidly descended into warmer climes, by a zig-zag road, frequently overhanging tremendous precipices, that form the bed of the Tessino, a branch of the Po, which, with the Rhine, and the Rhone, here take their rise within a days journey of each other.—But we were now too much panic-struck to philosophise, upon their various course, to distant oceans, as my B—— was obliged by her sprain to descend the stony ladder on horse-

horse-back, and a single miss-step would have endangered her life.

We were glad to arrive with whole bones at Airolo, still in a Swiss Bailliage, though in a different climate, where the People speak another language, in tones of harmony, to ears which had long been deafened with discordant dialects.

The remaining descent into the plains of Lombardy, by the Val Levantina, is singularly romantic, and picturesque. It has been in several places broken by Art or Nature, through perpendicular ledges of rock, overhung with spiry larches, and weeping birch. Now and then, it winds round prodigious masses of solid stone, some of which have been moulded by the hand of Nature, into the artificial forms

forms of Domes, Pyramids, and Amphitheatres, gracefully enriched with pendant shrubbery.

Being no Mineralogist, I cannot entertain you with physical disquisitions upon the nature of quartz, mica, schorl, or feld-spar, with which these ridges abound; or give you a description of the various specimens of the precious metals, which are found in the beds of the torrents. But you will excuse the defect, as mineralogy is little studied in America.—There we have enough to do to clear the surface, without penetrating into the bowels of the Earth.

Near Giornico, the place where, in 1478, six hundred Swiss, repulsed with great slaughter fifteen thousand Milanese, we

we met a French General Officer, attended by his Aid-de-Camps, and a Troop of Horse; and the Citizen General saluted our Party with all the urbanity of the Old School, notwithstanding the motley appearance of a Cavalcade, part of which was dismounted, and the rest ready to halt.

Vegetation is here astonishingly luxuriant, the chesnut trees, in particular, attaining a prodigious size. Plantations of hemp and flax overspread the plain, while grey Convents, and mossy Cells, occupy, with appropriate seclusion, the neighbouring peaks.

As the valley grew wider, the descent became less difficult; and, being now no longer apprehensive for the safety of my

B——, who was by this time well mounted, I directed our Attendants to go on, with the baggage; that we might loiter along in our own way, refreshing ourselves at pleasure, under mantling vines, with which the road was frequently overhung.

After a while, however, the foot-path struck across a meadow; and the horse-way, insensibly, wound out of sight. In the mean time night came on; and the two ways met no more, till they reached, together, the gates of Bellinzona. There my impatient inquiries procured no intelligence of the solitary Wanderer; and I hurried on to the Inn, distracted with apprehensions for the Partner of my Heart—Judge of my happiness, when I found her at the door, expecting my arrival, without anxiety;

anxiety; and less disposed than myself to reflect upon the inattention, which had separated us, for several miles, in the recesses of an Alpine Valley.

The walls of Bellinzona separate this beautiful valley from the plains of Italy, against which it is defended by the castles of the Regent Cantons—three keys, with which it was easy to lock up the Val Levantina, when the Dukes of Milan disputed the doubtful pretences of Uri, Schweitz, and Unterwalden, to give laws beyond the Alps.

The Tessino now runs riot, across a sandy plain, till it reaches the Lago Maggiore—a broad and beautiful expanse of water, bordered by lofty mountains, whose dark sides are deeply shaded by vineyards,

and chesnut groves, through which appear, at intervals, the white fronts of towns and villas, reflected, with undiminished brightness, in the chrystal mirror of the lake.

At the first fishing village, we took boat for the Borromean Islands, fondly hastening to exchange the dingy valley of Urseren, for the verdant paradise of the Lago Maggiore.

Isola Bella, the first of these celebrated Islands, came in view towards evening, as we turned a point of land, feathered to the water's edge with aromatic shrubs. The fairy vision seemed to rise out of the water, like an enchanted castle, flanked to the right and left, with storied terraces, and long arcades.

Isola Madre soon appeared, at a little distance, and modestly unveiled its milder graces, elegantly skreened from the garish eye of day, by lattice-work, and curling vines.

Attracted by the artificial splendour of Isola Bella, we landed at the foot of the Palace, which however we did not enter, as it wore, upon a nearer view, the forbidding aspect of partial dilapidation; and impatiently rambling over the measured islet, we wondered to find ourselves soon weary of pacing its formal walks, and covered vistas; though they were lined with oranges, and citrons, bending under golden fruit, and bordered, or terminated, with spouting fountains and gigantic statuary.

Behind

Behind this glittering prison we beheld with commiseration, a fishing village, the meagre Inhabitants of which appeared to us to have been crowded into the lake, to make room for an overgrown Landlord to stretch his legs in three or four times in the year.

We quitted these celebrated Islands, without regret, and stopped for the night at a neighbouring town, where we had the next morning, in an extravagant Bill, the first gross specimen of Italian imposition, which I have since learned to dispute by dint of practice.

Here however, having left the mountains behind us, we again saw the sun rise, upon a distant horizon, accompanied with

with the brilliant colouring of an Italian sky.

We now found that we had quitted the protection of the hero Tell, for the mediation of *Saint Anthony of Padua;* and we passed, in prosecuting our voyage to Sesto, a bronze statue of *San Carlo Borromeo*, tall enough to serve for a steeple to a Seminary of Priests, founded by him at Arona, the place of his birth. —The munificent Nephew of Pius the Fourth does not appear to have been troubled with the squeamish idea of the Man of Ross:

Who builds a Church to God, and not to fame,
*Will never mark the marble with his name.**

I recollect

* Pope.

I recollect nothing more interesting until we reached Milan, in the low grounds about which a great deal of rice is raised. Some parts of them are said to be not less than eighty feet below the surface of the Lago Maggiore; they can therefore be watered at pleasure, like the Savannahs of Louisiana, and the grass, produced by this profuse irrigation, is said to be cut as often as five or six times in a year.

Milan is a large and populous town; but not very pleasant to a stranger, from the lowness of its situation, and the narrowness, and dampness of the streets.

It was often however the temporary residence of the Roman Emperors, when in the decline of the Empire, they found it necessary to defend their frontiers from the

the incursions of the Barbarians.—In one of the streets may still be seen a Doric Colonnade of Roman Antiquity, and in the Church of *St. Ambrose*, the antiquated Choir is yet inclosed by the identical bronze gates, which *the holy Father* is said to have shut, with indignation, in the face of the Emperor Theodosius, on account of the Massacre at Thessalonica.

In the Refectory of the Convent of *Santa Maria della gracie*, is the celebrated Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci—*much* damaged by time—probably *more* by injudicious repairs. There is not *now* a single fine head in the groupe; and among the Twelve Communicants you are ready to suspect *half a dozen* Judas's, instead of *one*.—A story goes, that the Painter, provoked by the parsimony of one

one of the Friars, put *him* down for the false Disciple *that carried the bag*.

The Cathedral of Milan is an immense pile of gothic architecture executed, at an incredible expense, in white marble. It was begun about four hundred years ago: but the front of it is still unfinished; though the building has been richly endowed with posthumous donations, and large sums were annually expended on it, until the Revolution, by the devout House of Austria.

The sides of this superb edifice, are ornamented with an amazing number of statues—how many I shall not say, as I did not count them, and wonders of that sort are too apt to be exaggerated to be taken on report—Suffice it that the Steeple

storied

has been completely finished in the richest open work.—Figured buttresses, and storied pinnacles, support, or seem to support, a spiral stair-case, which terminates in a cone. It is surmounted by a colossal statue of the Virgin Mary, at the foot of which there is a boundless prospect of the plains of Lombardy, from the Alps to the Appenines.

The interior of this majestic edifice is strikingly impressive of religious veneration. Its dark and lofty arcades are drawn into undistinguishable length by five dun aisles. These open at last into the secluded Choir, embowed with ribbed arches, and clustered columns, between which painted windows of prodigious size are scarcely penetrated by rays of coloured

light, sufficiently to render visible scarlet canopies, and painted banners suspended in the dusky air.

Beneath the High Altar, is an open stair-way, descending to a subterraneous chapel, in which is deposited, in a chrystal shrine, the body of *San Carlo;* and the history of *the Saint* was once narrated, upon the walls, in bas-reliefs of solid silver.

Returning to the twilight of the nave, the lamps that twinkle over the sepulchre serve but to make darkness visible; and the long arcades—dripping with the dampness of a vault, reverberate—at intervals—the solitary footstep—or the slamming door.

I leave

I leave you to conceive the effect of a *Te Deum*—chaunted, at the command of the Conqueror, within the chilling recesses of such a Catacomb—when the bloody battle of Marengo had consigned twenty thousand of his Fellow Creatures to an untimely grave.

LETTER V.

A bird's-eye view of Switzerland.

HAVING traversed on foot the greatest part of Switzerland, the prominent features of that romantic country have left an impression on my imagination that can never be obliterated—however faintly I may be able to trace the majestic outlines, in a bird's-eye view, that I cannot forbear attempting to portray.

Ascending then to the necessary elevation—in the pendant cradle of an air balloon (since the discoveries of Montgolfier have enabled the Moderns to realize the fabled flights of Antiquity) the thirteen

thirteen Cantons of the Swiss Confederacy, extending two hundred miles, from east to west, and a hundred and thirty, from north to south, would lie at the feet of a soaring Æronaut, who might look down with ease and safety upon the tremendous precipices of *der Schreckhorn* [the peak of terror] surrounded at unequal distances by spiral protuberances of solid granite; whose perpendicular strata would be seen to rise out of a troubled ocean of snow and ice, in the shape of battered pyramids, and broken obelisks—now whelmed in clouds, impregnated with thunder—now penetrating, in unbroken silence, the ambient air.

Far beneath these stupendous crags, would be seen at intervals, green vales, and azure lakes, studded with towns and villages,

villages, whose slender spiracles, plated with tin, would glitter in the sun, while the mountain torrent, or the path-way of the heath, would shew a streak of silver —coursing the winding valley, or traversing (with marked direction) the extended plain.

The lake of Constance would limit the fairy scene, on the north-east; and, on the south-west, the lucid crescent that receives the Rhone from the *Pais de Vallais*, and imperceptibly conveys it by Lausanne (the calm retirement in which Gibbon contemplated the decay of Empires) to pierce the walls of Geneva, and join the torrent of the Arve.

On the north the green current of the Rhine, like the coloured pencilling of a map,

map, would mark the confines of Germany—on the west, the blue ridge of Mount Jura would distinguish it from France—and on the south, from Italy, the long chain of Alpine summits, whitened with ice and snow.

Among the central peaks of St. Gothard would be seen to issue, from transparent Glaciers, the Rhine, the Rhone, and a source of the Po—descending in bright cascades, by opening ravines, to irrigate the plains of Europe, and empty themselves into the Atlantic—the Mediterranean—or the Adriatic Gulph.

In the heart of this chaos of rocks and woods—in whose profound recesses hardy Swains, descended from Aboriginal Mountaineers, had quietly submitted to the

the German yoke, ever since the decay of the Roman Empire—in the year one thousand three hundred and eight, Werner de Stauffacken, of Schweitz, Walter Furst, of Uri, and Arnold de Melchthal, of Unterwalden—a patriotic Triumvirate, planned and effected the independence of their country, by expelling the proconsular Tyrants, whose growing impositions had at length become insupportable.

The Emperor Albert, then reigning, was assassinated by his own Nephew, John of Hapsburg, as he was preparing to quell the insurrection; and the Insurgents had gathered such strength, by the time that Leopold Duke of Austria, marched against the confederated Cantons, in the year 1315, that thirteen hundred

hundred Swiss, defended the pass of Morgarten, against twenty thousand Austrians, and repulsed the Invaders, with dreadful slaughter.

The Cantons of Uri, Schweitz, and Unterwalden, now contracted a perpetual alliance, which became the foundation of the Helvetic Confederacy, successively acceded to for mutual defence, by the neighbouring Cantons of Zurich, Glarus, Zug, Berne, Lucerne, Friburgh, Soleure, Schaffhausen, Basil, and Appenzel —A motley intermixture of aristocratic and democratic Republics, which maintained their independence, and preserved inviolate the advantages—and the defects of their antiquated constitutions—till the compact of five hundred years, was dissolved, in a moment, by the seducing

professions of a modern Democracy—to whose gigantic Empire the Swiss Cantons now form an insignificant appendage.

Yet a free, and *equal*, Citizen of the American Republic—whether *naturalized*, or native born, can see but little to regret, in the exchange of *a despotic Oligarchy*, for a Foreign Dictator—of *oppressive prescriptions*, for forced loans—of *National Independence*, for Individual emancipation.

The narrow policy of Swiss republicanism—perhaps the natural defect of popular constitutions, formed when the principles of liberty were little understood, even by the people themselves, confined the privileges of Burghership to a few Families, excluding all Others—Natives

tives as well as Strangers—not merely from the honorary claim of electing, or being elected, to places of trust or profit: but from the essential rights of buying, or selling, of establishing a manufactory, or exercising a handicraft.*

In some places a new Citizen had not been admitted within a hundred and fifty years, and a Candidate must have then resided in the place at least ten—if he was a native of another Canton, twenty—but if a Foreigner, the qualifying period was again doubled upon him, and he must pay double the usual fine upon admission. In others, when the rights of citizenship

* In America the love of equal freedom has carried the liberal Framers of our Constitutions, to an opposite extreme: The rapid influx of Foreigners—admitted, almost without restriction, to every privilege of Citizenship, may, imperceptibly, *alienate* the Public Councils—as well as the National manners of our peaceful Country.

citizenship had been purchased, at a great expense, it was only to the *third* Generation, that the *sparing clause* accorded the privilege of eligibility to any office in the State.

Yet under the ancient system, with all its defects, the patient Swiss were remarkable for that love of Country, which is observed to be most powerful in those parts of the world that have a strongly marked, or peculiar character, to which the youthful imagination irresistibly attaches the growing passions.

Thus a poetic Traveller has observed, with equal truth and beauty, of the Swiss Peasant, struggling with innumerable hardships:

Dear is that shed to which his Soul conforms,
*And dear that hill, which lifts him to the storms.**

Such accordingly was the patriotic emotion that a familiar tune called the *Ranze des Vathes* never failed to excite in the breasts of Swiss Troops, in Foreign service, that *the Milk-Maid's Carol* was forbidden under the severest penalties, as being sure to produce among them discontent, or desertion.

Switzerland is a triangular nook, in the centre of Europe, inhabited by two millions of moral and industrious People—Catholic, or Protestant, according to the boundaries of their Cantons—and speaking, as their National language, German, French,

* Goldsmith.

French, or Italian—according to the frontier they approximate.

It includes—at different degrees of elevation, the temperature of every climate—from the frozen circle, to the burning zone; and the delighted Naturalist may there trace, in the succession of a morning walk, the various productions of Italy, Germany, and Lapland.

An elevation of thirty fathoms is equal to a degree of distance from the Equator. At twelve or thirteen hundred fathoms [seven or eight thousand feet] you experience the frigidity of the eightieth degree of north latitude: and at nine thousand feet above the level of the Sea, snow rarely melts, even in the height of Summer—

mer—a degree of cold in which nothing will vegetate, but mosses and lichens.

Yet the general impression perceived by Those who scale the higher Mountains, is an *unknown* facility in breathing —a lightness of body, and a serenity of mind. The air is felt to be more pure and subtile; and Meditation there enjoys a degree of sensibility, approaching tranquil rapture.

Mont Blanc, and several other summits of the great chain of the Alps, are fifteen thousand feet high, and may be considered as the highest Mountains in the Old World—since they considerably exceed the elevation of Mount Etna, and the Peak of Teneriffe. But they yield the precedence, without dispute, to Chimborazzo,

borazzo, in South America, which is at least twenty thousand feet, or four miles, in perpendicular altitude; and whose frigid summit has never been attained by the boldest Adventurers. It is perhaps forever inaccessible to the researches of Philosophy, since the Human frame is incapable of supporting the rarefaction of the atmosphere, at a much smaller elevation than the summits of the Andes.

We are informed by a scientific Observer that fossil shells, and other Marine petrifactions, are found in the Alps and Pyrenees as high as six thousand feet above the level of the Sea. Beyond these Secondary Mountains, arise Naked Rocks, which contain nothing but the simplest

simplest aggregations of Mineral substances, and would therefore appear to have held perpetual dominion over the shoreless waters, from which Islands, and Continents, seem to have emerged, in volcanic concussions.

The Crags of Switzerland abound with rock-chrystal, which is industriously collected, by the Peasants, to ornament the Cabinets of the Curious; and Mines of iron, and Quarries of rock-salt, are worked in different Vallies, for Foreign and Domestic consumption.

The lakes teem with fish, particularly Trout, which have been sometimes caught weighing forty or fifty pounds.

Goats browze upon the edge of the precipices, and their picturesque forms are seen to follow each other—Indian file, up and down, the loftiest Crags.

But the cultivation of the farinaceous grains is here of such uncertain product, that Public Granaries are established in every Town, in which a Stock of Corn is regularly supplied by France and Holland, under express Treaties, stipulating a certain number of Soldiers—to be annually raised, out of the surplus population of a Country that is not capable of supporting the natural increase of its Inhabitants.

The staple Commodity of Switzerland is Horned Cattle—for a Zone of rocky pasturage encircles the very foot of the Glaciers,

Glaciers, and descends, with increasing luxuriance, into the shady Vales, watered by translucent Streams, which, flowing from icy sources, are then most plentiful, when the neighbouring Plains are parched with heat and drought.

But the lucid spring is often impregnated with tufo, whose tendency to concrete among the glands of the neck (aided perhaps by the concentrated heat, and stagnant evaporation of narrow Vallies) frequently produces wenny protuberances, and sometimes mental imbecility.—Now and then thundering Avalanches break, without warning, from overhanging brows, and bury, at once, beneath hills of snow, the tranquil Cottage, and the chrystal stream.

These,

These, however, are rare calamities. They must not be supposed to hinder the current of Common Life from gliding smoothly along the vale of domestic felicity—since Misery is an intruding Beldame, whose prominent features force themselves upon the sight, while Happiness—like a retiring Maiden, must be courted to be seen.

LETTER VI.

Journey from Milan to Florence, across the Appenines.

TRAVELLING in Italy may be performed by Post, by *Voiture*, or by *Procache;* but this alternative, apparently so liberal, is nothing more than a choice of difficulties.—By Post you must have your own carriage, and put yourself under the direction of a travelling Lacquey—By *Voiture* you must take up with chance company, and be content to creep along at the rate of three miles an hour—By *Procache* you must trail forward, in a string of coaches till you reach fixed stages, though you should jumble every night till

till bed time, and turn out every morning before day, fretted with scanty fare and sordid lodging. In your own carriage, as in that of the *Vettorino*, you run the risque of robbery and assassination, an *inconvenience* from which you are secured in the Caravan of the Procache, by a Guard of Soldiers allotted by the feeble Governments of Italy, for the protection of the Public Stages.

For those who do not speak Italian, and are not in haste, the *Voiture* is the least exceptionable conveyance of the three: since the advantage of an Interpreter upon the road, and a Paymaster at the Inns, fully compensates an unpractised Stranger for the tedium of delay.

The

The Voiture is a clumsy Coach, drawn by three mules, and conducted by a Vettorino, who rides post upon one of them. They ply for Travellers, at the principal Inns, and set out, from Town to Town, as often as four seats are engaged; the Vettorino furnishing, every night, a supper, and a bed.

To avoid the importunacy of indifferent company, and at the same time to spare ourselves the necessity of disputing the ground—inch by inch, with Inn-keepers, and Post-Boys, we took a Voiture to ourselves, and set out for Bologna, at the foot of the Appenines, as fearless of surrounding dangers as the Irishman, at London, who defied the accidents of fire and thieves, since *he was nothing but a Lodger.*

An

An Italian Vettorino however only undertakes to guard you from the impositions of *others*—*his own* are never included in the convenient exemption.

Accordingly, at the moment of setting forward, while I was discharging the extravagant bill of the Landlord, and satisfying the expectations of the *till then* inattentive Waiters, our *civil* Coachman ushered in without ceremony, a Dominican Friar, in his gown and petticoat, and asked my consent to his going along with us—not, as you may suppose, on condition of paying *me* for his seat: but that *he* (*honest* Fellow) might be paid for it over again, at the expense of *that very convenience* for which I had *expressly* stipulated.

It grieved me to the heart to deny the good Father, who urged his suit with a humility becoming his profession: but my mind was made up before he opened his plea; and I insisted upon my bargain to have the carriage to ourselves.

Quitting Milan the 23d. of September we had the pleasure of beholding the Plains of Lombardy clothed in their Autumnal livery.—The Fields of grain, or grass, were striped with those beautiful Poplars, lately introduced into America by a patriotic Traveller;* and embroidered with Grape Vines, which (as in the days of Virgil) hung in gay festoons, from tree to tree, and gracefully displayed their purple clusters, under half concealing foliage.

* W—— H—— Esquire.

Toward evening we crossed the Bridge of Lodi, famous in the annals of the War, for one of the early Victories of the Conqueror of Italy.

The rich Meadows in the neighbourhood are watered by sluices, and usually mowed four times in the year. The number of Cows kept in this little province is estimated at thirty thousand. Some of the cheeses made here weigh five hundred pounds apiece and are the best of the Parmesan, though much of it is made about Pavia and in the Milanese.

Next morning we continued our route towards Parma, amid rows of Elms, Alders, and Maples, planted by the Husbandmen for the support of clustering Vines.

This

This however is the only beauty of this part of Italy; though it is described, by Tacitus, as

*Florentissimum Italiæ latus:**

for nothing interrupts the tiresome monotony of an endless Plain, but the stony beds of Rivers or Rivulets—in summer rolling two, and sometimes three, muddy streams along the wide-spread desolation of their wintry overflow.

These you get over, as well as you can, it being difficult to keep up Bridges under such unfavourable circumstances, as the massy Ruins of Roman Causeways frequently testify—Modern Italians rest satisfied with the proof, and leave the affrighted

* The most flourishing side of Italy.

frighted Traveller to be whirled over the Po by ragged Ruffians, or swamped among its wandering branches, for want of a guide-post to point out the shifting fords.

According to the Poets, Phaeton was precipitated into the Po, and his disconsolate Sisters were changed into the Poplars, or the Weeping Willows, which ever since adorn its banks.

Entering the Duchy of Parma, at Placentia, the roads improve as you approach the Capital, and the Country appears thickly settled with industrious Peasantry.

This is a healthy, as well as a plentiful, Country, famous even in the days of

of Pliny, for the longevity of its peaceful Inhabitants, among whom he mentions, one Man of a hundred and forty.

At Placentia began the *Via Æmilia*, which extended to Rimini, on the Adriatic.

Here we met a train of six or seven coaches drawn, like our own, by mules, fancifully ornamented with towering collar pieces, flaring with tinsel, and jingling with bells. They contained the travelling Domestics of the new-made King of Etruria, returning to Spain, by this circuitous route.

The Duke of Parma is suffered to preserve his Dominions, whilst all around him crouches under the ascendancy of

France; under favour of his affinity to the Crown of Spain, the tributary Ally of *La Grande Nation.*

The connexion is of a degree of consanguinity—common in the Royal Families of Spain and Portugal, although forbidden by the canons of the Church.—If I mistake not the mixed relationship (for I have never studied the genealogy of Princes, lineal, or collateral, with profound attention) the present King married the Sister of the present Duke, and the Duke's Son—now, *by the Grace of Bonaparte*, King of Etruria, married the King's Daughter.

This is now the only part of Italy, north of the Appenines, that wears its old political face—powdered with Princes, and patched with Priests.

Near

Near the town we met four Monks—big and burly, in the habit of their order, taking the air, in the Duke's coach; and the Centinels, who demanded our passports, at the gate, were dressed in white (the Bourbon uniform) and wore their hair in clubs and powder, instead of the *sans coulotte* crop.

The city of Parma is well built, and agreeably situated on both sides of a little river; and may contain fifty thousand People, with an appearance of opulence and splendour, hardly to be expected in so small a Capital.

The Ducal Palace, a little without the town, scarcely excels the Mansion House of an English Gentleman. The Cathedral is vast and gloomy, and the Last Judgment

Judgement of Corregio is fading from the walls. The wooden Theatre, remarkable for its distribution of sounds, is out of use, and falling to ruin. But in the ancient Church of St. Baptiste is a baptismal font, so large that it was probably constructed for plenary immersion, before the convenient substitution took place of sprinkling with water, in the initiary ceremony of baptism.

At Reggio you enter the Territories of the late Duchy of Modena—annihilated by the powerful wand of the Corsican Magician.

Its capital, now a secondary town of the Cisalpine Republic, is a large city; but the streets have a gloomy appearance, from the iron grates before the windows

of

of the ground floors, and the dress of the Women, who look as if they were all clad in widows weeds, with their long black cloaks and hoods.

In the neighbourhood are frequently dug up shells and sea-weed, together with branches and trunks of trees—sometimes pavements of streets, and walls of houses, apparently the coeval remains of incalculable convulsions.

The road was thronged, when we entered the town, with trains of ox-carts, taking the new wine to markets and storehouses. The whole country, as far as Bologna (which was an appendage of the Papacy till it also was touched by the Circean wand, and became a Fief of the new Republic) exhibited but one conti-

nued scene of in-gathering and merry-making, the blissful concomitants of a plenteous vintage.

Bologna is a large city, of a gloomy appearance, from the fronts of the houses being built upon arcades. Its numerous Population is generally employed in the manufacture of silks and velvets.

The Cathedral, a modern structure, is elegantly finished, within and without; and, for the north of Italy, it is peculiarly rich in marble decorations. It was also once adorned with the exquisite paintings of the Lombard School, Bologna having been the birth-place of the Carraccis, Guido, Domenichino, and other eminent Painters, who had enriched their native city with many of their admirable productions.

tions. But the ancient Collections in this part of Italy have been so thinned by Parisian requisitions, that I have generally spared myself the probable mortification and disappointment that might attend an inquiry for what is no longer to be found.

Yet in the tribune of the Cathedral of Bologna may still be seen the Annunciation of the Angel Gabriel to the Virgin of the House of David—the last flight of the expiring genius of Ludovico Carracci.

In the year 1529, the Emperor Charles the Fifth was crowned king of Lombardy, by Pope Clement VII. within the gloomy walls of the Church of St. Petronius. It is a Gothic edifice which has been erected near the Town-House (that the Patron Saint might be at hand, for the protection

tion of the Government.) In it is an old wooden image of the tutelary *god*, before which a glimmering lamp is kept continually burning; though on the floor beneath it is traced, in brass and marble, the meridian line of Cassini, which, from June to January, marks the point of midday.

The front of this vast pile, like those of many other Italian churches, is still unfinished—possibly because the intended incrustation was too costly to be executed—but more probably because the Priests of the Virgin and her Saints have found it convenient to keep a constant object for the contributions of the Devout.

In the Square before it is a magnificent Fountain, with a colossal Statue of Neptune,

tune, a celebrated work of Giovanni di Bologna, another Son of the Place, in the happiest period of the Arts.

Without the walls there is a Convent, on the top of a mountain, which boasts a miraculous Image—one of the Madonna's of St. Luke. A covered passage leads to it from the gates of the town, said to be three miles in length.

We ascended this gallery, the day after our arrival, noticing as we passed the *pious* Individuals, and *holy* Fraternities, who had purchased the privilege of inscribing their names, *for the veneration of Posterity*, by erecting one or more of its innumerable arcades.

From

cross, we never disturbed his devotions. Though I could not but remark that he was himself almost wearied with their frequency, and would actually spare himself the trouble of saluting, whenever the *sacred* Images had been defaced, by accident, or design.

This Disciple of St. Dominic was an elderly Man. He spoke French indifferently, and *had once*, he told us, *obtained a smattering of English: but he had almost forgotten superficial learning, since he had devoted himself to the profounder study of Theology.*

He was now going to Rome to fill a Professor's chair in a College of his Order, and he shewed us, in the simplicity of his heart, a purse of gold, which his Friends

Friends had forced upon him, on his leaving the Convent in which he had been matriculated—*More money*, he said, *than ever he had been master of before.*

We ascended the Appenines by a circuitous route, and were surprised to find towns, villages, and even cultivated fields to their very summits; though their general appearance is as dreary, and desolate, as that of the High-Lands of Scotland. Such is the genial influence of the Sun, in a warm climate, even upon an ungrateful soil.

From one eminence there is a casual glimpse of the Gulph of Ancona, upon the distant Adriatic.

Early in the afternoon of the second day we had a view of Florence and the neighbouring towns and villages, so thickly strewed in the delightful Vale of Arno, gaily interspersed with white houses, fields and woods, among which winds the meandering river, as far as the eye can reach.

But this was a transient view—we lost sight of it as we descended to Fiesolé, the classic eminence celebrated by Milton, when comparing the shield of Satan to the Moon,

> ——————————*whose orb,*
> *Through optic glass the Tuscan Artist views,*
> *At evening, from the top of Fiesolé,*
> *Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,*
> *Rivers, or mountains on her spotty globe.*

Here

Here too a solitary mule-path invites the zealous, or romantic, Pilgrim, to visit the secluded valley, occupied a thousand years, by the Votaries of St. Benedict; from whose chesnut groves the British Homer, so happily illustrates the multitude of the Fallen Angels, stretched on the banks of Hell:

Thick as Autumnal leaves, that strew the brooks,
In Valombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High over-arch'd, embow'r.——————

We entered Florence, by the triumphal Arch, erected in honour of the Austrian Family, and took some pains to find a lodging to our minds, as we intended to stay several days, in so interesting a place.

Our

Our Catholic Companion, expecting to be accommodated by the Brotherhood of St. Dominic, desired the *Vettorino* to set him down at the Convent of St. Mark—There, accordingly, his trunk was taken off, and they both disappeared, for some time, in the Cloisters of the Monastery—when, to our great surprise, out again came our meek Religious, bag and baggage, with two or three ill-looking Friars at his heels. One of them, particularly pursy, and ill-favoured, seemed to be rating at the *Vettorino* for bringing the Brother there; and our poor Monk got quietly into the coach again, mildly telling us, that *he could not lodge there;* but that *there was another Convent of his Order, where he hoped to be taken in.*

Here

Here, as Hospitality would have it, there was room for a Stranger, and we finally separated, with mutual good wishes —perhaps with mutual good will—notwithstanding the aversion of his Order [that of the *Holy* Inquisition] to *incorrigible Schismatics.*

LETTER VII.

Description of Florence—The Ducal Gallery, &c.

THE morning after our arrival we rambled over this beautiful Town, which is not unjustly denominated *Florence the Fair.* The Streets are paved with flat stone, from side to side (like those Courts of the city of Bath, which are designed to exclude the rattle of coaches) the Houses are built in a good taste, and most of the Palaces front each other, on both sides of the Arno, over which are thrown several fine Bridges. One of them looks gay with the Statues of the Seasons,

Seasons, and another exhibits Cycloidal Arches, constructed by Ammanati.

The banks of the river are one continued Quai, unobstructed by the stir of Commerce (for Leghorn is the Port of Tuscany) yet enlivened with the pursuits of pomp and pleasure, which create a continual drive upon the three Bridges, as the Ducal, now Royal, Palace, is on the least populous side of the river.

The Squares are ornamented with Fountains and Obelisks, and the Public Walks are extensive, and well designed. One of them is beautifully traced upon the banks of the Arno.

The old Ducal Palace, or Palazzo Vecchio, is interesting to curiosity from the

the long residence of the Medicis, those celebrated Patrons of the Fine Arts; which were first revived at Florence, by Artists invited over from Greece, soon after the excursions of the Crusades had given the rising Nations of Europe a taste for the elegant luxuries of the East. The gloomy Edifice was erected by Arnolfo, the Disciple of Cimabue, in the Thirteenth Century, that equivocal period when superstition and ferocity were so strangely blended. It is a heavy structure, immensely high, crowned with a square Tower, the projecting quoins at the top of which make it look dangerously top-heavy from below. In it is preserved the original Copy of the Pandects of Justinian, discovered at Amalphi, in the year 1137.

At the great door are two gigantic Groupes—David slaying Goliah, and some other bloody Story, the subject of which I have forgotten: But I shall not easily forget the chilling impression made by the dark and massy Hall, over which are now held the Courts of Justice; so often in the Old Countries teeming with deeds of horror.

Another side of the Court is formed by the celebrated Loggia, an Arcade of three arches, in one of which is placed the famous masterpiece of Benevenuto Cellini. Perseus, standing over the bleeding carcass of Medusa, holds aloft by the hair, in his left hand, the head, which he has just severed from the body, with the sword which he still grasps in his right. In another, stands the Judith

and Holofernes of Donatello. In the third, Giovanni di Bologna has represented, with equal spirit, the Rape of a Sabine Virgin by a Roman Warrior.

A Moralist cannot but regret that the finest talents should be thus employed in perpetuating acts of violence and cruelty: but such is the fatality of statuary that it is difficult to invent a *harmless* circumstance that can be accompanied with the degree of *action* that seems necessary to animate a Groupe—Alike unhappily in Painting, the *graces* of Nature can hardly be displayed *to advantage*, without offending, more or less, against the rules of decency and continence.

On

On one side of the Square is an Equestrian Statue of Cosmo the First, by Giovanni di Bologna.

Double Corridors form a street to the left of the Palace, opening upon the river by Arcades. Over these is carried the celebrated Gallery, which communicated with the Palace, when it was inhabited by the Grand Dukes, by means of an arch, thrown over the intermediate street.

You enter it from the Court, by long flights of steps, by which you ascend to the upper story of the Building; and approach the long Corridors through a double Anti-Chamber, in the first Cube of which are ten busts of the Medicean Princes. In the second is a Horse and a Wild Boar, both antiques; and over the door

door is a Bust of Leopold, the first Grand Duke of the Austrian Family, who afterward ascended the Imperial throne.

In the first Wing of the Corridors are antique Statues, and Sarcophaguses, with Busts of almost all the Roman Emperors.

In the Second, which commands a pleasing view of the river, the principal objects, worth notice, are a Venus, sitting in a shell, and a Torso, or mutilated Statue, of exquisite workmanship.

In the Third you observe a Morpheus, in touch-stone; and a Copy of the Laocoon.

The

The size and proportions of this famous Gallery, are far from answering the elevated idea generally entertained of its pre-eminence. It is both low and narrow for its length; and the Master-Pieces of Painting and Sculpture with which it is lined, are degraded by an endless Row of uninteresting Portraits, indifferently painted, of all the Dynasties in Europe.

It now however shews to disadvantage, having been first stripped by the abdicated Grand Duke himself, of the celebrated Venus, and other objects esteemed most valuable (to place them in safety at Palermo) and afterward decimated, at the will of the Conqueror of Italy.

Yet

Yet a Suite of twenty Cabinets still includes immense numbers of ancient and modern Curiosities, suitably arranged.

The First of these contains, or did contain, for I did not allow myself time enough at Florence, *on my way to Rome*, to examine them all, the celebrated Bust of Alexander the Great, those of Junius Brutus, of Tullius Cicero; and a Statue of the Genio della Morté—not as the Scare-Crow of the Nurse or the School Mistress: but as the Angel of Death, that (in the figures of Gibbon) expects the Conqueror, in the field of victory.

In the Second Cabinet, among many other Objects, for I should tire myself and

and my Reader, if I were to particularise them all, are two Busts of Seneca.

In the Third is a Head of Medusa, by Leonardo da Vinci, with Portraits of Dante and Petrarch.

In the Fourth, called the Tribune, was once placed the Venus de Medicis, "the Statue," says Thomson, "that enchants the world."—Around it were an Apollo, the Dancing Fawn, the Wrestlers, and the Listening Slave; and the surrounding walls were hung with all the graces of the Italian Pencil. There was a Virgin of Guido, a Holy Family of Michael Angelo, another of Correggio, Pope Julius II. by Raphael, a Venus by Titian, and other admirable Productions of Mantegna, Perrugino, Da Vinci, Del Sarto, Guercino,

Guercino, Domenichino, Rubens, and Vandyke.

In the Fifth, are several Sketches, and some finished Pieces, by Salvator Rosa.

In the Sixth, were a number of Paintings of the Dutch School, such as Peasants at table, by Van Mieris, a Candle-light piece, by Van Ostade, and two other Homely Scenes by Gerard Dow. This low-lived Scenery must have formed a striking contrast to the elevated Productions of the Italian School—"The One," it has been well said, "aimed at surpassing Nature, the other at debasing it."

In

In the Seventh, were arranged Flemish and German Productions, by Neeffs, Teniers, Rubens, and Vandyke.

In the Eighth, those of the French School, such as Battles by Bourgignon, a History by Poussin, a Landscape by his Brother, &c.

In the Ninth, are preserved Vases, bronze Figures, small Columns of marble, &c. &c.

In the Tenth, and Eleventh, Portraits of eminent Painters, chiefly drawn by themselves.

In the Twelfth, Statues, Busts, Inscriptions, &c.

In the Thirteenth, Paintings.

In the Fourteenth, the famous Groupe of Niobe, and her Children, struck with lightning.

In the Fifteenth, Grecian Vases, and Votive Offerings.

In the Sixteenth, Statues and Bas Reliefs, in bronze—among them is Mercury standing on the wind, by Giovanni di Bologna.

In the Seventeenth, Etruscan Statues, sacrificial and chirurgical Instruments, Candelabra, Lamps, Rings, Bracelets, Ear-Rings, Metal Mirrors (which preceded the use of glass scarcely known in antiquity) Domestic Utensils; and Marking

ing Stamps, which must have been used so much in the manner of types, that it is surprising the compendious idea of printing never occurred to the Ancients.

This superb Collection is thrown open to the Public every day, morning and afternoon, as is also,

The *Academia Reale delle Belle Arti*, with its Schools for the study of Architecture, and Practical Mechanics, and its Manufactory of inlaid marble, called Florentine work;

And the *Museo d'Istoria Naturale;* both of which were instituted by the munificence of Leopold.

The

The Anatomical Preparations, in wax and wood, belonging to the Latter, are supposed to be the finest in the World. They are so numerous as to require twenty Rooms for their systematical arrangement. In one of them is exhibited the progress of corruption from the moment of decease to the total decay of the body. In another are preserved the celebrated Representations of the Plague, done in the time of the Medicean Princes, so painfully exact that few Persons can bear to examine them.

There is an Observatory attached to this splendid Museum, furnished with ample apparatus for mechanical, mathematical, electrical, and hydraulic, experiments; as well as a numerous collection

tion of Animals, Plants, and Minerals, systematically arranged.

Not far from the *Academia Reale* and in the care of the same *Custodi* are the Cloisters of the suppressed Brotherhood of San Giovanni Battista, in which Andrea del Sarto has painted, in twelve Compartments, the Life of John the Baptist, beginning with the dumbness of Zacharias, inflicted for his unbelief; and ending with the presentation of the Prophet's head to the revengeful Herodias. For these exquisite Performances Andrea is said to have received but twenty *livres* apiece.

The modern residence of the Grand Dukes, still called the Palazzo Pitti, from the name of a Merchant of Florence,

rence, in the Fifteenth Century, who ruined himself by building it; and from whom, or his Assigns, it was bought by the Duke, then reigning, for a trifle, is a heavy and tasteless Structure, though designed by Brunellesco, and executed by Ammanati.

The Royal Apartments, however, are richly gilt, and superbly ornamented with Ceilings, painted by Pietro de Cortona; and they were once splendidly hung with the finest Pictures of the Italian Schools, most of which were removed to Paris before the inauguration of the New Sovereign. Those in which the Grand Dukes used to receive Company, are at once splendid and comfortable.

In

In the Collection were the well known Portraits of Titian, Julius II. Philip of Spain, and Paul III. together with the celebrated one of his own Mistress, the famous Picture of Raphael, in which he has introduced the Cardinals Giulio de Medicis, afterward Clement VII. and Luigi de Rossi, in the presence of Leo X. Rubens's Family Piece, including his Philosophic Friends, Grotius, and Lipsius; another of Cardinal Bentivoglio by Vandyke; one by Rembrandt; and a Holy Child, sleeping, by Carlo Dolce.

There was also a drawing of the Fatal Sisters, by Michael Angelo, which may probably remain upon the walls: for the *French* do not relish his Pindaric fire as much as the *English;* their taste is bet-

ter

ter suited with the air of Raphael, and the grace of Guido.

In some gloomy Chamber were hung three Battle Pieces, and the Conspiracy of Cataline—dark with the savage dashes of Salvator Rosa.

The adjoining Gardens are nobly ornamented with a spouting Fountain, that falls into a bason of granite, twenty feet diameter, in which stands a marble Neptune, by Giovanni di Bologna, attended by recumbent Figures of the Euphrates, the Ganges, and the Nile; and in a dripping Grotto are four unfinished Figures, from the chisel of Michael Angelo, preserved, like the Torso, from the touch of inferior Artists.

In this genial climate the Poplar and the Phillyrea retain their leaves till the end of December; and, among groves of Evergreens, are here remarked the Olive, the Cypress, the Holly, and all the branches of the Family of Pines, plentifully interspersed with Laurels.

At the rural Retreat called Carreggi de Medici, on the banks of the Arno—in the days of Lorenzo the Magnificent, the Platonic Society used to assemble, every week, to plan Public Edifices, and useful Institutions.

At Pratolino, another Royal Villa, in the neighbourhood, is a marble Statue of the Genius of the Appenines, executed by the gigantic standard of sixty feet.

On the Vigil of San Giovanni, the Wives and Daughters of the neighbouring Peasants, with their languishing black eyes, and lofty eye-brows set off by Arcadian dresses, crowd the streets of the Capital, to see the Chariots of the Nobility drive round the Statue of Ferdinand I. in the Square of the Annunciation; and to behold the dangerous horse races of the Strada del Duomo, which are evident modifications of the games of the Ancient Romans.

Within the Cloisters of the Church that fronts this Square is the celebrated Fresco of the Madonna del Sacco, so called from having been executed for the Fathers of the Convent, during a period of famine, for the price of a sack of corn. In a semicircle of one of the Arcades

cades, the Painter has represented the Holy Family, at their devotions. Mary sits in the centre, with her infant Child, and both of them listen with earnest, but resigned attention, to Joseph, recumbent on a sack, and reading to the Mother and her Son, the predictions of the Prophets, which announce the sufferings of the Messiah, before he should enter into glory.

The Cathedral Church, remarkable for being the first Dome that was raised in Europe, after the decline of the Roman Empire, was begun in 1294 by Arnolfo, the Disciple of Cimabue, and finished in 1445, by Brunellesco, the Contemporary of Michael Angelo. The Prince of Architects is *here* said to have complimented his

his Fellow-Citizen, when he was himself employed in swelling the Hemisphere of St. Peters, in an Italian adage:

Come te non volo—meglio de te non posso.

But this unmerited flattery savours too little of the conscious superiority of genius, ever to have escaped the Painter of the Prophets and Sybils of the Capella Sistina.

The Dome of Santa Maria del Fiore (for most of the Cathedrals of Italy are dedicated to the Virgin) is nothing more than a vast and gloomy concave, dimly impressed with the innumerable Figures of the Last Judgment, trembling before the dreaded

† "I will not imitate thee, though I cannot excel."

dreaded Tribunal of final recompenses; while the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, inclosed below it from vulgar profanation, swarms alike, with equivocal Beatitudes, and Candidates for Purgatory.

Behind the dingy altar is a marble Pieta [the mournful mother, weeping over the body of her Son] said to be the last work of Michael Angelo—at which the superannuated Sculptor was arrested by the hand of Death.

In one of the darkened Chapels that surround the Choir (under the patronage of San Zenobi) is a bronze Ciborio, by Lorenzo Ghiberti, glimmering at noon day, with the dubious light of waxen tapers, flaring round a Christian Sanctuary, while the surrounding pavement is blackened

ened with the cloaks and veils of prostrate Suppliants, unintentionally emblematic of superstitious horror.

Within this gloomy vault, too well adapted to the perpetration of deeds of darkness, in the year 1478, at the instigation of the then Pope, Paul IV—upon a solemn Festival—at the moment of the elevation of the Host—when all the People were prostrate before the altar, Julian de Medicis, and his Brother Lorenzo, since surnamed the Magnificent, were at the same instant stabbed by desperate Assassins. The wound of Lorenzo was not mortal, and he took refuge in the Vestry: But Julian died upon the spot, leaving behind him a posthumous Son, who afterward, as Pope Clement VII.

played

played over again, upon the Theatre of Christendom, the same horrid game.

In the damp and dirty Nave are seen rude Mosaics, executed in the infancy of the art, by Ghirlandajo, and Gaddo Gaddi; and dusky Monuments, stuck here and there upon the walls, contribute to the general gloom.

The Front of this immense pile has never been finished, although the Campanile, a tower erected to suspend the thundering bell, two hundred feet in the air, was designed by Giotto, and completely encrusted with white and black marble, in alternate squares, as long ago as the year 1334; a period when Italian Architecture was neither Gothic nor Grecian,

Grecian, but a whimsical intermixture of both.

On the opposite side of the Square, is the Chapel of the Baptistery, detached, like the Steeple, from the body of the Church, as is often the case in Italy. It is an octagonal structure, said to have been originally a Heathen temple.

The Mosaics of the Dome were done by Apollonius, a Grecian Artist, in the Twelfth Century—but they are scarcely visible, by the twilight glimmer that is admitted from without—in meridian sunshine. Beneath its whelming Canopy, I have seen a squalling Infant, initiated into the *Ecclesia, Cattolico, Apostolico, é Romano*

Romano, with all the paraphernalia of Popery—" bell, book, and candle."

The bronze door of this gloomy Edifice, executed by Ghiberti, upon the designs of Arnolfo, is a miracle of art, representing in eight compartments, of three or four feet square, as many Scripture Histories—from the stupendous moment of Creation, when God said, " Let there be light, and there was light"—to the portentous hour, when our First Parents were driven out of Paradise, by *the Angel with a flaming sword.* The Figures are but a few inches high, yet they are finished to the minutest feature, and project from the surface with perspective relief.

Neither is the door-case unworthy of the door, though it was wrought by another Artist, in Flowers and Foliage, among which are elegantly interwoven Birds and Fruit.

Two lateral Doors are also curious Performances of Contemporary Genius, exhibiting in smaller compartments the awful History of the Life, Sufferings, and Death of Christ; and they are alike richly framed with Fruit and Flowers.

Behind the High Altar of the Church of San Lorenzo is the costly Mausoleum of the Medicean Princes, which remained unfinished when the aspiring Family became extinct.

It is an octagon of fifty feet diameter, crowned with a dome, the walls of which are lined with Sicilian Jasper, and richly inlaid with precious stones.

Upon six of its sides are marble Sarcophaguses, designed by the prolific genius of Michael Angelo, two of which are surmounted by Regal Crowns, placed upon cushions of red Jasper, and studded with transparent gems.

Near it is the *Capella dé Principi*—a secluded Chapel, designed by the same creative Pencil, and filled by the same various Hand, with the Tombs of Giuliano Duke of Nemours, and Brother to Leo X. and Lorenzo Duke of Urbino, on the right and left of the Altar.

Each

Each of them exhibits its princely Occupant, in complete armour, sitting within a niche, behind his Tomb—the Former, accompanied by recumbent Figures of Day and Night—the Latter, by Day-Break and Twilight—Ideas happily emblematical of Monumental fame, in which, as in the Paris Register,

> ———————*To be born and die,*
> *Of Rich and Poor, makes all the history—*
> *Enough if Virtue filled the space between,*
> *Prov'd by the ends of being to have been.**

In the adjoining Convent there is a noble Library, particularly rich in ancient Manuscripts and early editions of the classics.

Among the former there is a Bible of the Vulgate Translation, supposed to have been written as early as the Seventh

* Pope.

venth Century, in which the Curious have observed the omission of the controverted text of St. John, "There are three that bear record in Heaven."*

There is also a copy of Virgil's Æneid, said to be of the Fifth Century, in which the four first verses,

Ille ego quī quondam, &c.†

are wanting. The Poem begins with

Arma Virumque cano.‡

The

* This disputed text stands, in our Bibles, as follows. "For there are three that bear record [in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one. And there are three that bear witness in earth] the spirit, and the water, and the blood: and these three agree in one:" But in the most ancient Greek Manuscripts, collated by Stephens, Mills, and other learned men, the words included within crotchets were totally wanting, viz. ἐν τῷ οὐρανῷ, ὁ Πατὴρ, ὁ Λόγος, καὶ τὸ ἅγιον Πνεῦμα· καὶ οὗτοι οἱ τρεῖς ἓν εἰσι. Καὶ τρεῖς εἰσιν οἱ μαρτυροῦντες ἐν τῇ γῇ. So much therefore of the seventh and eighth verses of the fifth chapter of the first Epistle of John, appears to be an interpolation, which (whenever fabricated) was not universally adopted by the Latin Church until the Middle Ages.

† I who but lately sung, &c. ‡ Arms and the Man I sing.

The Antichamber and Stair-Case of this famous Library were designed by Michael Angelo, and are deservedly admired.

In the Church of Santa Croce, belonging to a Convent of Benedictines, a Gothic edifice, erected by Arnolfo, in 1294, are seen a number of interesting Monuments, particularly those of Galilleo, the Precursor of Astronomical Truth, and of Michael Angelo Buonarotti, who died at Rome, in his 89th year, but was here interred, by command of the reigning Duke.*

Galilleo,

* I need not tell the well-known story of the Persecution of the Astronomer—because his discoveries were supposed to controvert the descriptions of the Sacred Books; nor need I add the mortifying recantation by which the Philosopher was fain to make his peace with the Bigots of his Age: But it may not be generally known that some of the works of Galilleo are yet prohibited in his native city.

Galilleo is happily represented, upon his funeral urn, as having gazed through his telescope until weariness obliges him to discontinue his contemplations. He is accompanied on one side by the Genius of Astronomy, on the other by that of Geometry, with their discriminating attributes.

Buonarotti, reposes upon a monumental stone, surrounded by the Sister Arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, weeping over the happy Genius by whom they were once—and but once united.

LETTER VIII.

Miscellaneous Remarks—Travelling Anecdotes.

AMERICUS Vesputius, the reputed Discoverer of the Western Continent, who has had the honour to give his name to the New World, to the prejudice of Columbus (whose comprehensive genius had already penetrated with an Eagle's eye, the western horizon) was a native of Florence.

The *Academia della Crusca* boasts among its Members many persons of distinguished eminence, in learning and the arts; and the salutary institutions of the Grand Duke, Leopold, afterward Emperor

peror of Germany, however disgraced by his bigoted prohibition of Protestant doctrines, entitle him to rank with Howard, Rumford, Lownes, and other benevolent Individuals, in Europe, and America, who have reduced the theories of philanthropy to National practice; and displayed to the World the encouraging example of successful experiment, in the temperate correction of idleness and vice.

During the reign of Leopold, no Florentine could be imprisoned for debt, though his Creditors might seize his property to satisfy their demands; and no offence whatever was punishable with death, though murder incurred a sentence more dreadful to hardened villany —perpetual labour in the gallies. By

these and other political measures, such as the protection of the Jews, those active agents of Commercial enterprise; the abolition of sanctuaries, so mischievously privileged to shelter crimes; and the absurd or rapacious penalty of confiscation of Family Property, which punishes the Innocent for the sins of the Guilty; together with the natural progress of things in the Eighteenth Century, Tuscany was cleared of robbery and murder, and the happy Subjects of the Grand Duke were increased from a Million to twelve hundred thousand Souls.

Florence has always been remarkable, even among the cities of Italy, for the most superstitious attachment to Monks and Friars. Churches and Convents accordingly abound, and painted Madonnas, the

the usual marks of popular devotion, are not wanting at the corners of the streets.*

The ignoble custom, so often remarked by Travellers, of keeping a wine cellar in the Palaces of the first Nobility, where wines are retailed by the flask, is still continued at Florence, to the great accommodation

*Among the observables of the place, I cannot resist noticing a method of preventing the *incommodity*, often suffered in populous towns, from public *stopping places*—though my Protestant Readers will be scandalized by the devotion of their Catholic Brethren. At such *corners* the Inhabitant of the House that is *incommoded* makes the sign of the cross, in broad black strokes. On seeing this the next Passenger, *pressed by necessity*, goes further up—The Citizen makes another cross. The Catholic Passenger follows, as close as his conscience will permit—and the *edifying* game is sometimes played till the whole side of the house has been progressively *consecrated*. The Passenger now, *driven to extremities*, no longer observes the rules of decorum; and the determined Housekeeper having proved the inefficacy of the cross, to guard his premises from pollution, even in the Catholic city of Florence, has recourse, in despair, to the mediation of the Virgin, by fixing up a Madonna at the *fragrant* corner, under which his vexation breaks out, with laughable simplicity, in characters of the most passionate dimensions: *Rispetto! por Maria Santissima!*

accommodation of those who love a glass of the pure juice of the grape, which is here particularly luscious. The petty negociation takes place in the open street, at an obscure window on the ground floor, to the astonishment of English dignity, and the utter confusion of German etiquette.

The dialect of the Italian tongue that is spoken in Tuscany is the most favourable of any for that exertion of rhyming promptitude, described by most Travellers, the Practitioners of which are here called *Improvisatore*. The interesting Writer who has favoured the World with a View of Society and Manners in Italy and France mentions one of them, named Corilla, that he had heard himself.—She was so eminent an *Improvisatrice* that

that she had been crowned, in the Capitol of Rome, with the wreath of poetry!

Yet the exertion of genius among the extempore Orators of the Debating Societies in England is in reality far more brilliant.

To string together at pleasure an extempore poem of compliment or condolence, undoubtedly requires, in any language, a fertile imagination, and a ready wit: But the Italian is particularly adapted to favour this particular species of *improptu*.

It contains an unusual number of synonymes, and allows a liberty of mutilating words, unknown to other languages, to say nothing of the convenient augmentatives

tatives and diminutives by which for instance

grandé may be, at the will of the Singer,
grandio, or, if it suits better,
grandioso, or, if the measure require it,
grandissimo; and
Piccolo, a little Fellow, may be varied to
Piccolissimo, or
Povera, a Poor Girl, may be, and often is, by whining Beggars, most musically converted into
Poverella.

The language abounds in vowels. Several letters at a time may be dropped at will, whole sentences as well as particular words, are used only in poetry—thus every phrase may be a verse, and every word a rhyme; and the Italians, amused, and

and deceived, by the melody of their language, and charmed with the pleasure it affords the ear, require from the rapid Improvisatrice neither sentiments nor ideas, and permit her to introduce the lowest vulgarities, as well as the most unnatural images and over-strained allusions.

By the help of all these favourable circumstances, a Man; but especially a Woman, of parts little quicker than ordinary, may produce, *without a miracle*, amusement enough, for People disposed to be amused.

Even in our own stubborn English, could not the unwieldy Johnson string together

together extempore stanzas, amid the relaxation of the tea-table?*

At Florence the usual salutation of profound respect to a Superior, or a Lady, is to kiss the hand, a custom that was illustrated whimsically enough the other

* In a tea conversation, at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, speaking of Percy's reliques of ancient English Poetry, Doctor Johnson ridiculed that kind of writing, by addressing, extempore, the following stanzas to the Young Lady that made the tea:

I pray thee, gentle Renny, dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and sugar tempered well,
Another dish of tea.

Nor fear that I, my gentle Maid,
Shall long detain the cup,
When once unto the bottom I
Have drank the liquor up.

Yet hear at last this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown,
Thou canst not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down.

other day, by a Tuscan Prince, whose apartments at the Hotel were on the same floor with ours.

Happening to return to his lodgings, in the dusk of the evening, his Highness mistook our rooms for his own, till he met my Wife coming out of her chamber expecting to find her Husband. The Prince made a thousand apologies for the unintentional intrusion, and begged *to have the honour of kissing the Lady's hand before he withdrew.* She unluckily knew nothing of the customs of Florence, and peremptorily refused to receive the compliment; assuring him *she did not understand such freedoms.* Upon which the poor Prince, retreating in a passion, slammed the door after him, and bawled out for his Servants;

exclaiming, in a paroxysm of vexation, that *he had met with a Lady that would not let him kiss her hand.*

I came in soon after, and chid my determined Spouse, for refusing so small an act of condescension to a Prince. But her spirits were still ruffled by the adventure, and she retorted on me with asperity: "How should I know a Prince from a Pedlar, without his Pack?"

LETTER IX.

Journey from Florence to Rome.

Rome, October 10th, 1801.

WE left Florence, with impatience, as the last place that should check our progress toward Rome.

As far as Sienna the soil is tolerably fertile, though very hilly. We entered the town under an elegant gateway; and, while the horses were feeding, went to see the Cathedral, a Gothic edifice, built of black and white marble, laid in alternate stripes, which gives it a whimsical, linsey-woolsey appearance.

While

While we were crossing the market place, in the great Square, a Mass was said, under an open Portico; and, at the elevation of the Host, both Buyers and Sellers fell upon their knees in the dirt. All however resumed their chaffering, as soon as the bell ceased to tinkle, with as much eagerness as if nothing had interrupted their occupations.

Quitting Sienna we soon entered a dreary Country, with few intervals of cultivation, between scattered villages, on the peaks of barren hills; and gladly passed by, without stopping at Radicofani; for aught I know the ancient Clusium, the capital of Porsenna.

Between this forsaken city, hanging like an Eagle's nest, upon the crag of a mountain,

mountain, silent and solitary as a haunted castle, and Aqua Pendente, the first town in the Papal Territories, strongly characterised by poverty and idleness, the neglected road runs along the very bed of a winding torrent, which often renders it quite impassable. We however laboured through it, with the help of two, or three, yoke of oxen; and, toward night, were tugged up a steep hill, to be filched by the gaunt, and greedy, Officers of the Pope's *Dogana*,* who expected us at the gate. The starveling Placemen dismissed us, after a short examination, to choose the best lodgings we could find, in the wretchedest Inn at which we had ever yet had the misfortune to be detained.

Next

* Custom House.

Next day we passed through Bolsena, and Montefiascone, to Viterbo, the last town of any importance short of Rome.

As we rode out of this place, the Inhabitants of which support the specious idleness of twenty-four Convents, of Monks and Nuns, the Peasants were going to mass in crowds, though it was an hour before day; to indulge or to exhibit, their zealous devotion to some favourite Saint.

The morning was hazy, and our Italian Fellow Travellers handed us their smelling bottles, and put up the glasses of the coach, to shut out the foul air of this forsaken tract—which is described by Varro as *a continued Orchard, excelling in fertility all the Provinces of an Empire,*

pire, that embraced every climate, from the Equator to the Pole.*

The Roman Territories being depopulated by oppression and celibacy, the air of the mountains is preferred to that of the Plains, rendered unwholesome and almost pestiferous, by the noxious vapours arising from stagnant waters, and volcanic soils. The latter were more or less pernicious in ancient times, as we learn from Livy: but their virulence was then corrected by the salutary process of vegetation, and the balmy breath of flocks and herds.

Toward ten o'clock the clouds broke away, and permitted us to behold the Dome

* Nulla quæ tam tota sit culta. Arboribus consita Italia est, ut tota pomarium videatur. *Varro de Re Rustica, Lib.* I. *c.* 2.

Dome of St. Peters, towering in the air, as we crossed, by the Flaminian Way, the deserted plains of the Campania, dotted here and there with decayed trees, and ruined towers, but not of Roman Antiquity—monuments of those barbarous Ages of which these fertile lands have never recovered the devastation.

The approach of Rome was indicated by no signs of opulence or animation; though the road was lined for some miles with crumbling masses of Ancient magnificence, in the half obliterated shape of Tombs, and Temples.

But on crossing the Tyber—a muddy stream, half as wide as the Schuylkill, at Philadelphia, by the Ponte Molle, or Pons Milvius of Antiquity, and entering

the

the eternal city, by the Porta del Popolo, erected by one of the Medicean Popes, from a design of Michael Angelo, we were instantly satisfied with an exhibition of Ancient and Modern grandeur no where united but at Rome.—

An oblong Square, in the middle of which rises an Egyptian Obelisk, covered with hieroglyphics, terminates with two Churches, of Grecian Architecture, between which opens the Corso, a fine street of a mile in length, leading directly to the ascent of the Capitol, while two others, equally straight, diverge, to the right and left, toward St. Peter's, and St. John de Lateran. *

* There are several inscriptions upon this Obelisk—that of Augustus reads "Imperator Augustus Cæsar, Ægypto in potestatem, Populi Romani redactâ. Soli donum dedit."

Here, while we were shewing our passports, a Valet de Place introduced himself, without ceremony, as *having had the honour to serve several Mi Lor's, to whom he was proud to have given the utmost satisfaction;* and, without asking permission, he jumped up along side of the Coachman, and went with us to the *Dogana*, which has been fitted up within the Colonnade of an Ancient Temple.

By the assistance of our Cicerone, for he serves occasionally in both characters, we have procured very agreeable Lodgings, at the house of a Statuary, directly opposite the Church of San Carlo (an elegant edifice near the middle of the Corso) the principal inconveniencies of which we soon found to be universal at Rome: to wit, an open door-way, besieged

ed by Idlers; and a public stair-case, stinking with filth.

As soon as we had dined, I set out to find St. Peter's; but, losing myself among crooked streets, narrow, and badly paved, I had recourse to my usual method in a strange place, of walking far enough out of town to see the situation of the principal objects—when I found myself diametrically wrong, and was obliged to cross the whole town to come at the Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo, from whence a narrow passage leads directly to the Papal *Basilica*.

The Cathedral of St. Peter—But St. Peter's Church must not be crowded into the end of a letter.—I will begin upon a fresh sheet to-morrow.

LETTER X.

St. Peter's Church.

THE Cathedral of St. Peter—before whose encircling Porticoes, stupendous Frontispiece, and gigantic Dome, the proudest Temples of Antiquity diminish into comparative insignificance, is erected—in the shape of a cross—upon the very site of the Circus of Nero, which had been so often stained with the blood of Christian Martyrs—as if to signalise the triumph of Christianity, over the pride and cruelty of Heathen Rome.

The Hemisphere of the Dome is seen from all parts of the Campagna di Roma, towering

towering over the subjacent City, at the western extremity of the Suburb of Transtevere—a name that defines its situation, beyond the Tyber, which separates it alike (though not with *the clear stream* of the Ancients) from the seven hills of the Consular City, and the plain at their foot, into which Papal Rome has imperceptibly descended.

The turbid current is traversed, with equal enthusiasm, by the Pilgrim, and the Traveller; who, from the remotest Regions of the Globe, jostle each other upon the bridge of St. Angelo; and, scarcely noticing the Castle (itself an object of twofold superstition, as the Bulwark of the Church, and the Mausoleum of Adrian) press onward, through a dark and

and narrow passage, that leads directly into the area of St. Peter's Square.

Dazzled with the sudden blaze of incredible magnificence, the astonished Spectator halts, instinctively, to contemplate the glorious Vision, of whose reality he can scarcely assure himself, yet fondly cherishes the seeming illusion.

* * *

A sweeping Forest of three hundred columns surrounds the Outer Court, with the swell of an amphitheatre; and the circling Colonnades are aptly inscribed with the metaphoric promise, *There shall be a Tabernacle for a shadow from the heat, and for a covert from storm and from rain.* They lead to ascending Corridors,

ridors, which form an Inner Court, four hundred feet square, and open into either end of the Portico of the Church, under the pathetic invitation, *Come, and let us go up unto the Mountain of the Lord, to the House of the God of Jacob.*

An Egyptian Obelisk of a single piece of red granite—originally brought from Heliopolis, by the Emperor Caligula, occupies the centre of the Outer Court. It is eighty-five feet high, and nine feet square at the base; and on either hand of the stupendous cone, an ample Fountain spouts a column of water, which showers into a marble bason twenty feet diameter.

Six hundred feet beyond this glittering screen—over a quarry of steps, rises the

the gigantic Frontispiece. It is of free stone, four hundred feet long, and a hundred and fifty high, supported by *twelve* columns, of the Corinthian Order; whose broad Entablature is surmounted by an Attic Story, and crowned with a Balustrade.—

Upon the apex of the Pediment—embracing, in his right hand, the Symbol of Salvation—is a Colossal Statue of Jesus of Nazareth—accompanied, upon the piers of the Balustrade, by the twelve Disciples, that followed his footsteps in the Land of Judah.

At a distance of four hundred feet within the massy Frontispiece, is seen to tower aloft the immense rotunda of the Dome,

Dome, studded with three rows of globular eyelets, emulating the Coronets of the Tiara, and surmounted, at an elevation of four hundred and fifty feet, with a Lanthorn, Ball, and Cross.

The great Dome is accompanied by two lesser ones, which, though fifty feet diameter, and a hundred high, are scarcely noticed in the stupendous outline: for such is the charm of proportion, that the greatness of the parts, is lost in the immensity of the whole. It is only by comparison with objects of known dimensions, that you can form an idea of the unparalleled magnitude of the columns, the entablature, or the statues of the Frontispiece. You must actually enter the doors of the Portico, which you reckon diminutive, to convince

yourself that they are forty feet high, and wide enough for entering and retiring Crowds to intermingle upon their thresholds.

The Portico, an interior arcade, running the whole length of the front, and forming the foot of the prostrate cross, is fifty feet wide, and five hundred long, including the width of the two Corridors at the ends, in each of which appears an equestrian statue—on the right Constantine the Great, on the left Charlemagne—at distant periods the Champions of the Church.

* * *

A STRANGER, at his first visit to St. Peter's, cursorily glances over the marble

ble columns, the brazen gates, and the stuccoed arches of this magnificent Vestibule—impatient to open upon the Middle Aisle, six hundred feet long, ninety wide, and a hundred and fifty high.—But at first sight of the Corinthian Arcade—glittering in white and gold, it does not strike the disappointed Visitor as very long, very wide, or very high (for neither length, breadth, nor height predominate in the proportions of this peerless Nave) and he doubts, for a moment, whether he at last beholds the largest, as well as the most beautiful Structure, that ever was erected by human hands.—

He compares St. Peter's to the rival Edifices of London, Milan, or Constantinople, and scarcely suspects his error till

till he approaches one of the Fonts, and perceives that the Cherubs which support them are chubby giants.—He looks up again at the resplendent vault, and discovers that he cannot distinctly perceive the variegated fret-work of the immense compartments.—He turns his eye across the marble pavement, and remarks that he can scarcely hear the distant footstep, that slowly advances, on the other side of the Nave.—He darts a glance of astonishment, toward the Golden Tribune, at the west end of the Temple; and, if the setting sun illumes the brazen Canopy, supported over the Altar of the Dome, by twisted columns, and irradiates the flaming glories that surround the Dove—descending on St. Peter's Chair, as he approaches the bending radiance, it will seem to fly

fly before him—like the rainbow of a passing shower!

He presses on, however, without stopping before the Chapels—shining with marble, and glowing with mosaic tints, to the opening of the Dome, a hundred and fifty feet diameter, and three hundred high—lighted by sixteen windows, and ribbed into lateral divisions, in whose broad circumference the twelve Apostles attend the Saviour, while above them—in contracting rows, Angels, and Cherubs, encircle the mysterious ring, through which is faintly seen—*the forbidden Image* of the Eternal Father.

Here he finds the altar, with its refulgent canopy, and the chair, supported by colossal Saints, still at a distance which he

he no longer ventures to estimate; and —glancing his eye along the transepts, to the right and left—draws backward—satiated with magnificence.

Recovering himself, by degrees, he listens to the dying murmur of the Pigmies that surround him—absorbed in the profound recesses through which they are seen to enter or emerge—when suddenly, from a Side Chapel, before unnoticed, the anthems of the Choir arise, in measured cadence, and the aerial vaults resound with Seraphic Symphonies—now vibrating to single Voices, mellifluous as the breath of Zephyrs, through Eolian harps—now swelling, with the full-toned Organ, to Halleluiah's! solemn as the music of the spheres.

His

His nerves thrill with rapture.—He looks downward to the hundred lamps that burn continually, in golden branches, around the Sanctuary; and (if a Catholic) he humbles himself at the shrine of St. Peter, as did the Queen of Sheba, in the temple of Solomon.

* * *

Around the rim of the lanthorn, in the centre of the Dome, three hundred and thirty feet from the pavement, is inscribed the dedication to St. Peter, by Sixtus the Fifth:

S. PETRI GLORIÆ SIXTUS PP. V. A. MDXC. PONTIF. V. *

and upon the frieze of the entablature, around

* To the glory of St. Peter, Pope Sixtus the Fifth, in the year 1590, the fifth of his Pontificate.

around the drum of the Cupola, is ostentatiously exhibited, in letters of gold, the ambiguous passage of St. Matthew:

TU ES PETRUS, ET SUPER HANC PETRAM ÆDIFICABO ECCLESIAM MEAM; ET TIBI DABO CLAVES REGNI COELORUM. *

although it is sufficiently obvious that the text refers not to Peter, the frail Disciple that afterward denied his Master, in the Hall of the High Priest; but to *the Revelation of the Son, by the Father, as the sure foundation, upon which the Church of Christ should be built—a spiritual building—a house not made with hands—*

* Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my Church; and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven.

hands—against which the Gates of Hell should never be able to prevail.

* * *

On entering, for the first time, this imposing edifice, the eye is too much dazzled by the splendour of the Nave, to remark its surrounding accompaniments, however commensurate; and the most attentive Observer scarcely descries, athwart the vast arcades, the vaulted roofs of the Side Chapels, glowing—at an awful elevation, with symbolic imagery—from the Visions of Ezekiel—and the Revelations of John.

In six elliptical compartments, three of them on either hand, are displayed, in brilliant mosaics, designed by the first

Masters, after the descriptions of the Prophets and Evangelists, the splendid emblems of supernatural agency, that visibly accompanied the promulgation of the Law of Moses, and the Gospel of Christ.—

The religious, or poetical, Enthusiast may stand astonished under *the Flying-Chariot, of the river of Chebar;* or, *the Throne set in Heaven, of the Isle of Patmos—the descending Glory that announced the Promised Saviour, when he was baptized of John in Jordan;* or, *the opening Heavens*—as *when the Martyr Stephen beheld the Son of the Virgin, standing at the right hand of the Father, Almighty.*

But the rainbow of the Nave is altogether independent of these sublime emanations;

emanations; and you may count its colours—or pursue its flight, without ever perceiving the transcendent appendages.

The Cupola over the entrance to the Chapel of the Sacrament, which is the last on the right hand, less exceptionably exhibits a Celestial Choir of Saints and Angels, perfuming an aerial Altar, with clouds of incense—wafted—from golden censers—waving in the wind.

Within the iron Gates of the Chapel, interleaved with glass, to reflect the illumination of the Altar, is seen a circular Ciborio, or Tabernacle for the Host; on either side of which, a golden Angel extends his protecting wings—in imitation of *the Cherubims of glory—shadowing the Mercy Seat.*

Directly

Directly opposite is the Chapel of the Choir, a noble apartment, forty feet by fifty, with a splendid mosaic, over the Altar, representing the Virgin Mother—under the mistaken emblems of the *Spouse* of Christ—*the Wonder that was seen in Heaven, a Woman clothed with the sun, having the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars.*

* * *

THE most pompous exhibition of ceremony, or parade, rather diminishes, than increases, the effect of this wonderful Edifice.—It is never more impressive than when silence reigns over its vast vacuities—unbroken by distant, and solitary, footsteps, retiring for the night—

the

the unnoticed windows, at the approach of evening, shedding a mystic twilight —undazzled by the glimmering lamps that twinkle around the sanctuary.

Beneath the vast circumference of this aerial Canopy, there reigns—day and night—summer and winter, that even temperature so favourable to Meditation. Since the double doors never admit enough external air to alter the medium of thirty-five millions of cubic feet, and the thickness of the walls renders them impervious to heat or moisture.

* * *

You ascend to the summit of this prodigious Edifice, by the innumerable evolutions

lutions of a spiral ascent, of no greater inclination than will admit of the use of Mules, for the purposes of the Building. Near the top of it, are inscribed the names of all the Foreign Potentates, who in the course of two centuries, have done homage to the Imperial Pile.

This winding stairway terminates, at the flat surface of the roof, in a room for the Custodi, from which you look out upon a village of belfrys and cupolas, concealed from below by the massy ballustrade; excepting the great Dome, which has been boldly denominated the Sun of the Vatican, with its attendant Satellites, and a Galaxy of Statues, whose gigantic proportion must be measured by a standard of twenty feet.

Here

Here you may ramble about, till you are weary, upon a pavement of brick or stone, the interstices of which are filled up with an impenetrable cement.

Two external walks, or galleries, surround the basis of the Dome, one of which is upon the mouldings of the basement, and the other, ten feet higher, is continued through the projecting abutments which support the drum of the vault. These galleries are three hundred paces in circumference—little less than the eighth part of a mile.

From the former you pass by a long entry into the inner gallery, at a height of two hundred feet from the floor. This is four hundred feet round, and from its iron railing you may look down with safety

safety upon the brazen Canopy of the Altar (itself ninety feet high) and into the sunken recesses of the Sanctuary, surrounded by kneeling Devotees.

At this elevation may be distinctly seen the mosaics of the Four Evangelists, with their appropriate symbols, occupying the angles that support the drum of the Dome. Of their enormous size an idea may be formed by that of the cross keys, an ornamental appendage, which is said to measure twenty-two feet in length.

The drum of the Dome is ornamented by coupled pilasters, between the windows, upon the continued basement of which, are Cherubs, supporting festoons.

Returning

Returning to the passage you turn to the right or left, for the avenues are double; and wind round the imperceptible circle, between an outer and an inner wall, until you come to a spiral stair-case, by which you mount perpendicularly fifty feet higher; and enter another gallery, within the Dome—just under the spring of the vault.

From this elevated scaffold, you can perceive the coarseness of the mosaic cubes, with which are formed the gigantic Figures of the concave; and you may thrust your hand into a gaping fissure—invisible from below.

You now ascend, diametrically, by unequal steps, practised between the inner and outer coping of the vault.

At the summit of the Dome, blind windows occasionally open into the Lanthorn, itself a cupola, twenty feet diameter, and fifty high.

From this stupendous elevation—little less than three hundred and fifty feet, if you venture to look down upon the pavement, the processions passing, to and fro, upon the chequered floor, remind you of ants upon a mole-hill; and so contracted, in this bird's-eye view, is the perspective of the well of the Dome, that you mistrust, with apprehension, the perpendicularity of the walls, and suspect the sufficiency of the lessening pillars to support the superincumbent mass.

A rushing wind sets constantly from below, whenever these windows are opened;

opened; and you gladly mount ten feet higher, to the outer gallery of the lanthorn, from which you behold Rome at your feet, and stretch your eye over the deserted plains of the Campagna, to the Appenines, on one side, and the Mediterranean, on the other.

Here you ascend, fifty feet higher, by another flight of narrow steps, turned within one of the pillared butments which support the lanthorn, barely wide enough to admit a single person at a time.

This winding passage lands you on the floor of a conical chamber, directly over the centre of the Dome, from which you pass into the upper gallery of the Cupola, or ascend, by a perpendicular

dicular ladder, into the hollow of the Ball.

Within this brazen globe, a Man of six feet high, may stretch out his arms, or stand on tiptoe, while through accidental crevices in the beaten copper, he perceives the tremendous height, at which he is soaring in the air.

It takes ten minutes to descend from this stupendous elevation; and when you emerge from its dark passages, and winding stairways, you are glad to find yourself, once more, upon the surface of the earth.

* * *

Such is this unrivalled Monument of Modern art, which bears no marks of age,

age, or incongruity, although it was three hundred years in building, by the hands of twenty different Architects.

Begun under Nicholas V. in 1450, it was carried on by Bramante, under Julius II. by Sangallo, and Peruzzi, under Leo X. and by Michael Angelo, who moulded the immense concavity of the Dome, under Paul III. though he died, before it was finished, by Fontana, in the pontificate of Sixtus V.

Succeeding Popes, and succeeding Architects, successively added the lesser Domes, the Portico, the Piazzas, and the Vestry; intermediately ornamenting the Interior, with brass and marble; and gradually securing the Paintings from the corrosive touch of Time, by incorporating

porating them with the walls in everlasting mosaic.

* * *

EXCLUSIVE of the Dome, and Piazzas, the Body of St. Peter's Church is twice as long, twice as broad, and twice as high, as the temple of Jupiter Olympius —one of the Seven Wonders of Antiquity, that still exhibits to the wondering Traveller, silent, and solitary, Porticoes, stretching over the prostrate plains of Greece.

St. Paul's at London, the only Edifice of Modern times with which it can be worthily compared, does not inclose within its vast vacuities—including its Porticoes, its Turrets, and its Dome,

one

one fourth part of the cubic square of St. Peter's—the Corridors of which would encompass Ludgate Hill; and the Crowd of Fleet Street—roaring with cars and coaches, might rush on, under cover of the circling Piazzas, as far as Temple-Bar.*

It requires a quarter of an hour to walk round this magic circle. Its circumference cannot therefore be estimated at less than a mile. Seven times as much would now encircle the growing Metropolis of the United States; and the materials

* Travellers have frequently remarked, as a fault, the monotonous simplicity of the Front of St. Peter's; and they have compared it, with derogation, to the variegated Façade of St. Paul's—overlooking the sublime idea of Paul V. and Charles Maderne, to render the Cathedral of Christendom a Monument of Christ and his Apostles. This obliged them to divide the Frontispiece by a regular intercolumniation, upon the twelve Piers of which should stand the twelve Apostles—thus emphatically indicated as the Pillars of the Church.

materials of all its Public Buildings, though they conveniently accommodate the business, the pleasures, and the devotions of seventy thousand People, would be insufficient to create such another Edifice as the Cathedral of St. Peter's—The most glorious Structure that has ever been dedicated to the purposes of Religion.

THE most rigid Dissenter from the most rigid Protestants, that have separated themselves from the corruptions of the Romish Apostacy, might feel some flushes of enthusiasm at the sight of a Christian Temple, more glorious than that of Solomon—so long the admiration of the Chosen People—however convinced

vinced that *the heart of man is the Temple of the Lord;* and that *a contrite Spirit*—the offering of the Gospel, is a more acceptable Sacrifice than *thousands of Rams, or tens of thousands of Rivers of Oil.*

The most frugal Moralist among those Reformed Societies that have brought their practice the nearest to the simplicity of their profession, might hear, without regret, of the uncounted Millions bestowed by Leo the Tenth upon this splendid Edifice, since it was the unlimited sale of indulgences, occasioned by this lavish expenditure, that gave rise to the declamations of Luther and Calvin, against the impositions of the Papal Antichrist.

Every Professor of Christianity—traditional, or conscientious—whether his creed adopts the sign for the Substance, or the Substance for the sign, must turn with complacency—perhaps with veneration, from Temples dedicated to voluptuous Deities, and exterminating Heroes, to a Church of which the foundations were laid in the Fourth Century—by the Survivors of the Tenth Persecution—for the worship of a meek, and self-denying Saviour!

LETTER XI.

The Appendages of St. Peter's.

ABOVE the principal Gate of the Portico, and beneath the elevated Balcony, from which are pronounced, over kneeling Multitudes, the benedictions, and the anathemas, of the Tiara; and upon the bronze enclosure of the Chair of St. Peter, at the west end of the Nave, are exquisitely embossed, in brass and marble, the story of the Great Shepherd, charging Peter to feed his Sheep, and that of his presenting him with the keys of the Kingdom; when the well known allusion was made to the

name

name of the Apostle, as also signifying *a stone.*

Pretended Infallibility might blush for its literal construction of the equivocal epithet, on recurring to the Patriarchal prediction of *the Stone of Israel* * the Prophetic anticipation of the Royal Psalmist, that *the Stone, which the Builders would reject, should become the Head of the Corner;* or the promise of the God of Abraham, by the mouth of the Evangelical Prophet, "Behold I lay in Zion, for a Foundation, a Stone—a tried Stone—a precious Corner Stone."

If however by this sublime annunciation, concurring Prophets can be supposed to have proclaimed the Apostle, let

* Genesis xlix. 24.

let the Apostle himself explain the Prophets: "Be it known unto you all (said Peter to the unbelieving Jews) "that *Jesus Christ*, of Nazareth, whom "God raised from the Dead, is *the Stone* "which was set at nought of you Build-"ers, which is become the Head of the "Corner."*

* * *

Among the innumerable Monuments of Art with which St. Peter's abounds, in Painting and Sculpture, the most remarkable are the Transfiguration—of Raphael, the Communion—of Domenichino, and the St. Petronilla—of Guercino da Cento.

These

* Acts iv. 10, 11.

These celebrated Masterpieces are here exquisitely copied from the Originals, in Mosaic-work, a species of colouring which consists of square pieces of marble, or composition, so perfectly arranged, that at the distance of a few feet, it can only be distinguished from Paintings in oil by the marble gloss, that renders the colours more vivid.

Each of them contains fifteen or twenty Figures, larger than the life, in a pannel fifteen feet wide, and five and twenty high.

I have mentioned them in the order in which they are usually esteemed at Rome, which is the scale of their respective Authors, in the estimation of Italian Connoisseurs: but Foreign taste,

regardless

regardless of rules and reputations, frequently reverses these particular productions of those inestimable Artists.

The Ascension of St. Petronilla, a Saint unknown to Protestants, but, in the Romish Kalendar, the Daughter of St. Peter, represents two scenes immediately dependant on each other, however irreconcilable with the canonical idea of the Resurrection of the Body, and the Day of Judgment. At the bottom of the Picture, two Men are seen lowering the Corpse into the grave, adorned with flowers, after the manner of Antiquity, while the Spirit appears above, in shining garments, the gracious Being that said to the penitent Thief on the cross, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise," receiving her into Heaven, without

out the intervention of Purgatorial fire. But it is not my intention to implicate the faith of the Painter—there is no heresy in his performance: yet the peculiar delusion of this piece is owing to the happy application of mosaic tints to the strong colouring of Guercino, which produces upon the polished surface the effect of a real bas relief, in coloured marbles.

In the Communion of St. Jerome, the dying Saint displays the Christian triumph over Death, Hell, and the Grave, as One about to receive the welcome sentence of "Well done, good and "faithful Servant! Enter thou into the "joy of thy Lord." Yet the administering Priests attend with an air of hypocrisy, or indifference, but too well drawn from the life. The shadow of the

platter

platter on which the superannuated officiator tremulously conveys the consecrated Wafer, falls so naturally upon the face of a kneeling Attendant, that Fancy aids the illusion, and it seems to waver under his palsied hand.

The Transfiguration of Christ, before Peter, James, and John, when Moses and Elias, appeared with him on Mount Tabor, is exquisitely fine, in the principal Figure—self-balanced in the air—and beaming with light. But the attendant Prophets, can only serve as foils; and the Story of the Maniac, from whom the Disciples could not cast out an evil Spirit in the absence of their Master, is strangely introduced below, though we are told that the transfiguration happened *on a high mountain—apart.*

The finest things in Sculpture, as to design and execution (for all the Monuments of St. Peter's are inconceivably rich in variegated marbles) are the Tomb of Clement XIII. by Canova—a living Artist; and that of Paul III. by William de la Porte—a Pupil of Michael Angelo.

These unequalled Essays of Modern Sculpture are invariably distinguished from other Mausoleums of Popes and Princes, equally rich and splendid, by the spontaneous admiration of surrounding Crowds.

The design of the former is at once simple and majestic—a Genius, in a disconsolate attitude, extinguishing the torch

torch of life, and Religion, triumphant over the grave, having at their feet two Lions (one sleeping, the other watchful) support a square tomb, upon which the Pope appears, kneeling, in his pontifical habits—the tiara at his feet. This incomparable Cenotaph is not less than twenty feet high, the whole executed in white marble, except the Lions, and their pedestals, in grey.

The Artist of the Latter surpassed his Age, the Sixteenth Century, there being nothing equal to this, in marble, of that period, though bronze works had even then attained the summit of perfection at Florence, under the fostering patronage of the Medicean Family.—Justice and Prudence lie recumbent, on a pedestal,

a pedestal, before the tomb of Paul III. who sits above, in the attitude of giving the benediction—the tiara on his head, and on his finger the episcopal ring. The figure of the Pope is of bronze, but Justice and Prudence of white marble—the Latter, an aged Matron—the Former a youthful Virgin, so charming in native dignity and grace, that it was found indispensably necessary to cover a part of the body with a bronze drapery.

The Statuary of Michael Angelo and the Chevalier Bernini, at St. Peter's, is greatly inferior to these incomparable performances. You must therefore here study the genius of the Former in the aery concave of the Dome; and of the Latter, in the splendid designs, executed in

in gilt bronze for the decoration of the High Altar, and the Papal Chair.

* * *

It requires an hour or two to walk round the sequestered Aisles; and contemplate at leisure the splendid Monuments of the latter Popes, and of such other Sovereign Princes, as have died at Rome—no meaner Dust being suffered to repose in state, beneath this Imperial Canopy.

The Cenotaph of Innocent VIII. *whose pontificate*, says his epitaph, *was illustrated by the discovery of a New World;* and that of Sixtus IV. both executed in bronze by Antonio Pollajolo, a Florentine Artist, of the Fifteenth Century,

tury, were brought hither from the Old Church (the floor of which had been arched over on building the New One) as monuments of art too precious to be left behind in its now subterranean recesses.

That of Sixtus is a low altar-tomb, upon the floor of the Chapel of the Sacrament, on which the Pope lies at length, in his pontifical robes, surrounded by emblematical personifications of the Arts and Sciences, exquisitely embossed, in demi-relief, upon its sloping sides.

Paul III. and Urban VIII. were the first eminent Popes actually inhumed in the new Edifice, both Sixtus V. and Paul V. though one of them finished the Dome,

Dome, and the other the Frontispiece, having chosen to be laid in Chapels of their own, under *the more immediate protection*, of the Virgin, at Santa Maria Maggiore.

Queen Christina of Sweden, that singular compound of ferocity and devotion, who abjured her religion, and abdicated her crown, to spend her days in visiting the churches and convents of Rome, lies here, beneath a splendid Monument, near the supposed Remains of the Countess Matilda, so famous for her princely donation to the Popes.

Here also repose the Reliques of Mary, Daughter of John Sobieski, King of Poland, and Wife of the Pretender—the natural,

natural, or the *lawful*, Son of James II. who long resided at Rome, with the empty title of King of Great Britain.

Besides these Regal Mausoleums, the most remarkable tomb to an Observer who has more regard to the progress of information, than to the attributes of infallibility, or the perfections of art, is that of Gregory XIII. with a bas relief representing the Correction of the Kalendar, which was ordained by that Pontiff, in 1584; though it was not till 1752, that England, habitually suspicious of Papistical precedents, could be persuaded to adopt the alteration of the style.—"I do not like new-fangled notions," said the old Duke of B—— when the measure was proposed to him, by the volatile Chesterfield,

Chesterfield, for his support in the House of Peers.*

Such a Reader as his Grace of B—— would skip over the technical information that this historical Monument was sculptured by Rusconi, and is supported by colossal Figures of Religion and Strength—he might perhaps mumble through the various expressions, in brass and marble, of the fertile fancy of *Monot*, or *Algardi*—but he would certainly drop asleep, should I attempt

* Chesterfield humorously describes his own ignorance of the subject, in the celebrated Letters to his booby Son, of whom he would so gladly have made a Statesman, or a Philosopher; but he was not *de bois dont on en fait* [the stuff of which such things are made.] It was Lord Macclesfield that framed the Bill, and supported it in a scientifical speech, that *nobody understood*—while Chesterfield displayed to such advantage, the astronomical phrases, he had got by heart, on the occasion, plentifully interlarded with amusing episodes, and rhetorical flourishes, that it was his speech *convinced their Lordships*, and rung through all Europe, as a masterpiece of Modern eloquence.

I attempt to distinguish the vigorous productions of Bernini, in the Statue of Longinus, and the Tomb of Urban, from the feeble efforts of his expiring genius in the crowded Cenotaph of the last Pope Alexander.

* * *

An Unbeliever in the Christian System will learn with triumph, or contempt, the imaginary miracles that strike the eye at St. Peter's with the aggravation of contrast, amidst the real wonders of art, by which they are surrounded.

Here an antiquated picture of the Virgin—preserved from the rubbish of the Old Church, is hung, though but scantily,

scantily, with votive tablets, and ridiculous representations of hair-breadth escapes—There St. Peter and St. Paul —the promulgators of piety and peace, appear in the clouds—sword in hand, to defend Pope Leo from the incursions of Attila, King of the Huns.

Here Gregory the Great converts the consecrated Wafer into a shoulder of mutton, to the utter confusion of an Unbeliever in *the real presence*.—There some Female Martyr—in emulation of St. Denis, carries her own head in her hands, to place it upon an altar, for the veneration of the Faithful.—

But at Rome miracles are familiar, and all these wonder-working Saints attract little attention, in comparison of a brazen

brazen Image of St. Peter, which was cast out of a broken Statue of Jupiter Capitolinus. It sits upon a marble pedestal—beneath a scarlet canopy—on the right hand of the altar—a lamp burns constantly before it—the accompaniment of the keys is not forgotten—it puts out its great toe, with a magisterial air, and Men, Women, and Children, kiss it as they pass—bowing, and scraping, adoration!

* * *

A HUNDRED Clerks perform the offices of the Choir, in the various grades of Priesthood—from the Candle-Snuffer to the Canon, and the Cardinal Arch-Priest, all of whom are bound to live in a state of

of celibacy, and have apartments in the Vestry.

They assemble, twice a day, in full dress, for matins and vespers, when the pomp of instrumental music is accompanied by half a dozen Eunuchs, whose enchanting voices are sadly contrasted by their pallid faces, and distorted limbs.

It is a singular fact, in the history of Superstition, that the Chapter of St. Peter's—in white and silver—glittering with illumination, and fuming with incense—beneath domes and canopies, fretted with gold, and beaming with scarlet, attracts but few Spectators, even among the church-going Populace of Rome.—While Crowds

Crowds of Devotees collect every evening to chant the Litany, before a portrait of the Weeping Virgin,* in a little Chapel of the Piazza Colonna.

But the privileged Performers of the Papal Cathedral do not even affect the semblances of zeal. Noviciates are often seen to smile at the awkwardness of initiation, and the Canons themselves sometimes slumber in their stalls.

The splendid mosaic of the Chapel, glistens with the tapers of the Altar, which is served with vessels of silver, and covered with cloth of gold. On either hand is a gallery for the Musicians,

* Mater Dolorissima.

cians, in which I have often heard thirty Performers, at a time, arrayed in linen vestments, chanting alternately the responses of the Choral service, in which the Canons and the Clerks occasionally join, from three rows of ascending desks, parallel with the galleries; before which benches are placed transversely for Spectators: but so few attend at St. Peter's that a philosophical Observer may speculate, at his ease, upon the ceremonies of the Choir, where no mark of co-operation, or obeisance, is expected from Strangers.

If this were not the case, the doubts of a Protestant, or the scruples of a Dissenter, might be lulled to rest, by the inscription over the organ loft, selected

selected from the pious rhapsodies, of the sweet Singer of Israel:

PSALLITE DEO NOSTRO.*

But when the song of praise ascends, in measured notes, from the graduated Band of voices and instruments, Scepticism, itself, might listen, with rising fervor, to repeated Halleluïahs; and bow to the valedictory ascription of,

Gloria Patri! et Filio! et Spirito Sancto!

* * *

St. Peter's, and its appendages, are supposed to have cost twenty Millions sterling—a Sum which (however prodigal)

* Sing unto our God.

gal) has been exceeded in a *Protestant* Nation, for the armaments of a single year.—As many Centuries of progressive ingenuity must have preceded the bold design; and successive Generations have concurred to raise, and to decorate, this magnificent Temple; which concentrates the sublime conceptions of a Raphael, a Canova, and a Michael Angelo—the Painter, the Sculptor, and the Architect, of a revolving Period of the Arts, which returns (if it returns at all) like the Comet of Newton—in an ellipsis of Ages.

LETTER XII.

The Palace of the Vatican.

THE morning of Yesterday was fully employed in rambling over the endless apartments of the Papal Palace, the number of which (you are gravely told) exceeds eleven thousand. Be that as it may, they have remained unoccupied ever since the departure of Pius VI. the present Pope residing altogether in the Quirinal, or summer palace; in which his state can be maintained with a far less expensive Establishment, than would be necessary to people the twenty Courts, and two hundred Stair-cases of the Vatican.

This

This irregular Edifice, or Mass of Edifices, has been erected, at different periods, without any general plan, according to the taste or convenience of successive Priests and Princes. It has arisen, by degrees, from the humble Dormitory of St. Liberius, or St. Symmachus (in the Fifth Century) to the Royal Palace of Sixtus V. who erected the magnificent Court of St. Damas (which has been ever since the winter residence of the Sovereign Pontiffs) and the Imperial Museum of Pius VI. who added to the darksome Galleries of Sixtus, the splendid Rotundas that once enclosed the proudest Monuments of the Arts.

The imposing pile is beheld as you approach the Dome of St. Peter's, towering over the northern Piazza, through which

which coaches may drive under cover, a thousand or twelve hundred feet; and set down at the entrance of the right hand Corridor, in the side of which a private doorway leads, by a winding ascent, into the Great Court or Cloister, around which, in three stories, run the celebrated Piazzas, one of which has been ornamented three hundred years, by the luxuriant fancy of Raphael.

But to go on by the principal entrance, the Corridor, four hundred feet long, terminates in the angle of the Portico of St. Peter's, in which is the Statue of Constantine—astonished at the Vision of the Cross.

Here you instinctively cast an eye to the left, ranging five hundred feet, along the vaulted

vaulted Portico, to the distant Figure of Charlemagne, in the opposite Corridor; before you prepare yourself to ascend the marble steps of the Great Stair-case. They extend from wall to wall beneath an *Ionic* Colonnade, terminating in a half pace, from whence another flight leads into the Great Hall, at the far end of which you enter the Chapel where the Cardinals assemble, in conclave, for the election of the Popes.*

It

* The Great Hall is called the Sala Regia, because it was there that the Popes gave audience to Foreign Ambassadors. In it among other Paintings by Georgio Vasari, and other second rate Painters, is Alexander III. the haughty Pontiff that made the Kings of France and England hold his stirrup, and lead his Mule; setting his foot upon the neck of the Emperor Frederick; the Return of Gregory XI. from Avignon to Rome; the Battle of Lepanto gained over the Turks in 1571 by Pius V. in which 30,000 Mahometans were slain; and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's at Paris during the Pontificate of Gregory XIII. by whom a medal was struck in commemoration of that shocking event, on the reverse of which appears the Destroying Angel, with the Cross in one hand, and the exterminating sword in the other.

It is in this Chapel called the Capella Sistina, because it was erected by Sixtus IV. that the gigantic genius of Michael Angelo has displayed all its sublimity—uncontrolled (it is true) by the rules of decency, and unshackled by the fetters of truth.

Over the Papal Altar, at the west end of the Chapel, in a space forty feet wide and fifty or sixty high, the daring Painter has depicted the Day of righteous retribution, when the actions of Men will be weighed in the unerring balance of the Sanctuary. It swarms with innumerable Figures of Angels, Men, and Devils, under the various impressions of hope and fear.

But

But it is upon the coved Ceiling, in a space of seventy or eighty feet by fifty or sixty, that Michael Angelo has peculiarly stamped the supernatural ideas of his fervid imagination.

The whole space is divided into compartments, of different dimensions, with intervals for correspondent accompaniments. Along the middle of the vault are represented Scripture Histories—from the dividing of Light from Darkness, on the first day of the Creation—to the Banishment of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden.

At each end, and on both sides, alternate Prophets, and Sibyls, alternately impress the trembling Spectator, with the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and the Visions

Visions of Ezekiel—or contrast the prediction of Isaiah: "Behold a Virgin shall conceive! *a Virgin!* bear a Son;" with the incantations of the Delphian Sibyl who is said to have foretold *the birth of Christ.* Two youths in concomitant postures—of grief—of wonder—or of fear, wait upon the revelations of the Prophet, or the Sibyl, and imbibe—or impart, the visionary rapture. While the surrounding Angles develope Men, or Women, whose attitudes (incredibly varied) are legibly impressed with the melancholy—the terror—or the ecstacy, of the particular Visionary, to whom they refer.—Here and there, a solitary Circle, introduces an Episode of Jewish Story, fraught with the awful accomplishment of Prophetic Denunciation—*grisly Heads*

hung

*hung out of a window—or new-born Infants, dashed against the wall.**

* * *

At the other end of the Great Hall is the Capella Paulina, in which are some rough Sketches by the same Master hand, this Chapel being only intended for

* This famous Ceiling is said to have been painted forty years before the Picture of the Last Judgment, which must therefore have been a production of declining age—especially as it employed the labour of eight years.—Biagio the then Pope's Master of the Ceremonies having ventured some remark upon the shameless nudities, with which the piece abounds, the Painter drew him as a Demon, and placed the poor Courtier in Hell, from which situation he wittily excused himself from complying with the Pope's solicitation for his release. "If he had been in Purgatory, your Holiness could no doubt have released him: but in Hell there is no redemption."

for ceremonies that require illumination; such as the Exposition of the Forty Hours, and the *Tenebræ* of the Holy Week.

On one side is another large Hall which leads to the celebrated Lodges of Raphael. They consist of thirteen lofty Arcades erected by Leo X. forming one Wing of the Second Story of the Court of St. Damasus.

What is usually reckoned the most remarkable in this famous Gallery is the Sacred History on the sides of the coving of every Lodge—from the dawn of Creation, to the Last Supper of our Blessed Lord. The latter is said to be the

the only piece of the series, immediately from the pencil of Raphael, all the others having been painted by his Scholars, from the designs of their Master.

But the infinite variety of invention, in the grotesque ornaments with which these Lodges are covered, forms a much finer specimen of the peculiar talents of this great Painter; and some libidinous exhibitions that lie perdue, here and there, grossly indicate that the expenses of St. Peter's were not the only temporal causes of the Reformation.

At the end of these Lodges a side-door opens into the State Apartments of Julius II. commonly called the Chambers of Raphael, because they were painted by him and his Scholars. They are four

in

in number, all drawn from the designs of Raphael, though those of the Third, only, are painted by his own unrivalled hand.

The first of them, called the Hall of Constantine, is a room of thirty feet by sixty, the corners of which are ornamented with Virtues, Geniuses, &c. among which, Justice, and Clemency, are easily distinguishable, to the eye of Taste, as emanating from his own pencil. They are seen too with peculiar interest from having been in hand at the time of his early decease.

These Figures form noble accompaniments to an immense Picture that covers one side of the Hall, representing the Victory of Constantine the Great over the Tyrant

Tyrant Maxentius, at the Ponte Molle. At one end of the apartment is seen the pretended apparition of the cross, (while the Emperor was haranguing his Army before the Battle) which is said to have been accompanied with these encouraging words, though they were probably of much later invention:

*In hoc signo vinces.**

In consequence of this Victory Constantine is said to have submitted to be baptized as a Christian, by Pope Silvester, as is represented at the other end of the room; and between the windows is depicted the Imperial Donation afterward made to the Prelates of the Roman See.

The

* Under this banner thou shalt conquer.

The second Chamber, twenty-five feet square, on one side represents the Apocryphal Story of Heliodorus, Prefect of Seleucus king of Assyria, when he was sent to pillage the Temple of Jerusalem, from which he is driven away by two Angels, at the prayer the High Priest Onias. Here the vanity of Julius has forced Raphael into an anachronism, equally false and incongruous. The Pontiff, in a velvet cap and slippers, appearing tranquilly seated in an armed chair, upon the shoulders of his vacant Porters, in the midst of this scene of confusion.

Opposite, St. Leo the Great (in the likeness of Leo X.) attended by two Cardinals, mounted upon Mules, almost entirely covered by their flowing robes, meets

meets Attila king of the Huns, on his way to Rome, and threatens the Barbarian, characteristically enough, with the vengeance of St. Peter and St. Paul. The meek Apostles accordingly appear in the clouds, brandishing naked swords, over the affrighted Chieftain, notwithstanding they have themselves left it upon record that *the weapons of their warfare were not carnal.* This Piece, however, is said to be by Raphael's own hand.

On one side of this Chamber, Julius is again present, kneeling at an altar (while his brawny Porters repose themselves below) at which a Priest of Bolsena is represented elevating the Host, from which are seen to trickle drops of blood, to convince the astonished Officiator of the doctrine

doctrine of the Real Presence, of which he is said to have before entertained some doubts—A papistical miracle, which, however seasonably wrought, at the moment when the Harbingers of Reformation first dared to disbelieve, proved altogether ineffectual to arrest the progress of reviving Truth.

Between the windows is St. Peter in Prison, when the Angel comes to him by night—causes *the chains to fall from off his hands, and leads him forth into the streets of Jerusalem.* In this Piece three different lights are thought to be very happily expressed—but I should have preferred the unbroken effect of a single one—emanating from the effulgent Angel.

The

The third Chamber, entirely wrought by Raphael himself, contains his masterpiece, the School of Athens, which was also his first essay at Rome. In this admirable Performance you are at a loss whether most to admire the invention—the character—or the style. The scene is an open Portico of magnificent Architecture. Plato and Aristotle appear in the midst discoursing philosophically. On one side Socrates lectures Alcibiades. —Below, Pythagoras in the midst of his Pupils descants upon the principles of harmony—Diogenes reposes upon one of the steps making himself easy with his book and his porringer—and Archimedes traces a hexagon upon the floor for the instruction of a noble Youth—while Zoroaster contemplates a globe,

near which the Painter has introduced himself, his Master Perugino, and his Patron Bramante.

In the opposite pannel the Doctors of the Church hold a theological argument to explain (or to confound) the mystery of the Sacrament—one of *those things that have been hid from the Wise and Prudent, to be revealed unto Babes and Sucklings.*

Over the Windows, on the right and left, are subjects indifferently treated, though by the hand of Raphael, who has however introduced among the ornaments of the ceiling allegorical personifications sublimely characteristic of Poetry, Philosophy, &c.—the eye of the former,

former, as Shakespeare says, *in a fine phrensy rolling.*

In the fourth and last Chamber the only Picture attributed to the pencil of Raphael is the Conflagration that happened in the neighbourhood of the Cathedral, in the time of St. Leo IV. who shews himself at a window of the old Church, and the superstitious Multitude prostrate themselves at his feet, for his apostolic intercession.

Opposite to this Sketch the perspective of which is excessively faulty, Leo III. another equivocal Saint, *canonically* purges himself from the crimes imputed to him, in the presence of Charlemagne. On the third face the Prelate crowns the Prince in the Church of St. Peter; and

on

on the fourth, the other Leo, of still more dubious sanctity, triumphs over the Saracens, at the Port of Ostia.

RETURNING to the Loggia, and continuing along the second and third wing, you enter the Private Apartments, from which a Covered Gallery, carried over intervening streets and houses, for the space of half a mile, connects the Pontifical Palace with the Castle of St. Angelo.*

Descending to the ground floor, a door on the left opens into the grand Corridor

* By this Gallery in 1527, when Rome was sacked, for the last time, by the Troops of Charles V. under the command of the Constable de Bourbon, Clement VII. saved himself from the fury of the onset, in which the city was given up to pillage and slaughter; not as in barbarous ages by Goths and Vandals, but by the Subjects of a Catholic Prince, who kept his spiritual Father a long while in close confinement, yet at Madrid the Imperial Hypocrite could blind the eyes of the Faithful, by directing prayers and processions for the deliverance of the Head of the Church.

Corridor of the Belvidere, twenty feet wide, and nine hundred long. An iron gate, half-way along this Gallery, is the entrance to the Vatican Library. It was formerly kept at St. John de Lateran's; but Martin V. removed it to this Palace, after the Council of Constance, the old apartments having become too small in consequence of the large additions made to the Papal Library, by Nicholas V. and Sixtus IV.

Sixtus V. erected the present superb apartment. It is divided into a double Arcade, two hundred feet long, and fifty wide, by a range of quadrangular Piers, around which, as well as along the walls, the Books and Manuscripts are preserved, in close presses, the uppermost shelves

shelves of which are within reach from the floor.

In this famous Library, in which Nicholas V. liberally deposited the literary treasures of the East, which he acquired from the Greeks who fled into Europe, on the taking of Constantinople, there is a small Folio of Virgil supposed to be at least thirteen hundred years old. It is broader than it is long, and the text is written wholly in capital letters, without points.

But the curiosity of an Englishman will be much more powerfully excited by Henry VIII.'s defence of the VII Sacraments against the exceptions of Martin Luther, which procured for the Sovereigns of England the title they proudly

proudly maintain of Defenders of the Faith. It is inscribed upon the title page, with the following Monkish distich:

Anglorum Rex Henricus Leo Decimo mittit
*Hoc Opus et fidei testem et amicitiæ.**

The letter accompanying it is also preserved. It begins thus, "Beatissime Pater, post humillimam commendationem et devotissima pedum oscula beatorum."† The superscription runs,

Sanctissimo Clementissimoque Domino Patro Papæ.‡

The two first points asserted by Luther appear to have been "Indulgentiæ sunt

* Henry, King of England, presents to Leo the Tenth, this testimony of his faith and friendship.

† Most holy Father, after my humble duty, and devout salutation of your sacred feet.

‡ To the most holy and most clement Lord and Father.

sunt Adulatorum Romanorum nequitiæ ;" and "Papatus est robustâ venatio Romani Pontificis."*

There are also seven love letters, written to Anna Boleyn, before marriage, in the barbarous French of that Age. One of them begins thus, "Ma Mastres et Amye, Moy et mon cœur se mestet en vous mains, vous suppliant les avoir pur recommandés a votre bonne grace, et que par absens votre affection ne leur soit diminué." †

At the end of the Hall you enter a transverse Gallery the left wing of which is

* Indulgences are an iniquitous invention of the Roman Courtiers.—The Papacy is the great sin of the Roman Pontificate.

† Sweet heart, I put myself and my heart into your keeping, beseeching you to accept this recommendation to your favour, that absence may not diminish your affection, &c.

is richly furnished with Etruscan Vases, and Christian Antiquities, the latter very rude, having been mostly discovered in the Catacombs.

It terminates in a Cabinet the walls of which are lined with Antique Manuscripts of Egyptian papyrus, and the ceiling is painted in fresco by Mengs, the last Painter of original genius that was born or patronised, in Italy. He has here depicted a beautiful allegory of History, writing her memorandums upon the back of Time.*

In the Right Wing there is a collection of Engravings, and a Cabinet of Antiques,

* Mengs was a German. Carlo Marratti who flourished in the Seventeenth Century was the last Italian Artist whose works are legibly superscribed, "To Posterity," in the universal language of Truth and Nature.

of Scipio Barbatus—the Bust of a Youth, crowned with laurel, no doubt one of the three which Cicero mentions in describing the tomb of the Cornelii (two of which were of that noble Family, and one of their *Protegée*, the Poet Ennius (some fragments of whose Poems have escaped the ravages of time) and a number of laconic inscriptions, one of which records Cn. Cornelius Scipio Hispanus, and another Cornelius Scipio Comatus—a youth that died at the age of Sixteen.*

The

* Scipio Barbatus was Consul in the year of Rome 456, three hundred years before Christ, the inscription upon his tomb is therefore one of the most ancient that has come down to our times. It follows, *verbatim et literatim*, for the satisfaction of the Curious:

CORNELIVS. LUCIVS. SCIPIO. BARBATVS. GNAIVOD. PATE PROGNATVS. FORTIS. VIR. SAPIENSQVE.—QVOIVS. FORMA. VIRTVTEI. PARISVMA. FUIT—CONSOL. CESOR. AEDILIS. QVEI. FVIT. APVD. VOS—TAVRASIA. CISAVNA. SAMINIO. CEPIT—SUBIGIT. OMNE. LOVCANA. OPSIDESQVE. ABDOVCIT.

The inner Vestibule is a circle in the midst of which was once placed upon a pedestal the famous Torso of the Belvidere, the workmanship of Apollonius the Son of Nestor. It was a headless Trunk, without arms or legs, greatly admired by Michael Angelo, and after him by all professed Artists and Connoisseurs, though a common Observer would not be likely much to regret that it is now replaced by a plaster cast, the French having transported the Original to Paris.

Each of the four Niches with which it is surrounded, contains other admired fragments, for the contemplation of the Curious—but as I prefer legs with feet, and necks with heads on, to all the mutilations of Time and Chance, I shall pass on, through the Chamber of Bacchus,

chus, where I see nothing worth particular notice, to

The Court of Statues, under the Colonnades of which among Sarcophaguses of marble, and Basons of basaltes and granite, the edges of which are as square as if they had been cut but yesterday, by chisels of forgotten temper, were exhibited to the admiration of successive Ages those miracles of art—the Apollo Belvidere, and the Groupe of Laocoon; but the French have taken them both beyond the Alps, and they are now replaced by Models in Plaster.

From the Court you enter the Hall of Rivers which begins the unparalleled Suite of Rooms that was added to this Museum by Pius VI.

A Vestibule

A Vestibule formed by Colonnades divides the Hall into two, for the reception of recumbent Statues of the Nile and the Tyber, the originals of which now repose upon the banks of the Seine.

The Vestibule is paved with ancient mosaics representing, among other objects, an Eagle devouring a Hare; and it is lined, as are the two Wings, with an infinite variety of Birds and Beasts, executed in the richest and hardest marbles, frequently emulating the natural colours of the Animals they represent.

The Hall of Rivers communicates on the right with the Gallery of Statues, where, among many fine things, there is nothing worth particular notice, since the sitting Figures of Posidippus and Menander,

der, of Trajan and Demosthenes (the Emperor holding in his hand a globe, as the sign of universal empire) have been removed to Paris, together with the recumbent effigy of Cleopatra, with the asp upon her arm.

At the end of the Gallery two columns of yellow marble and an arch, successively admit you into three Chambers of Bustos, in which, upon marble slabs, continued round the rooms, are placed a vast number of Antiques. Among them you readily select the well known characters of the elder Brutus, of Scipio Africanus, of Julius Cæsar, &c. In the middle of the second of these chambers are two superb tables of verde antique, and within a niche at the end of the third is a Jupiter Fulminans, which the French have left,

I know

I know not for what reason, sitting upon his Eagle—the sceptre in one hand, and the thunderbolt in the other.

From these Chambers you pass into an open Balcony, lined with Statues, which reconducts you to the upper end of the Gallery, through a Cabinet elegantly decorated with all the refinements of Modern taste, for the reception of some beautiful Statues of Venus, Adonis, Ganymede, &c. with correspondent Bas Reliefs, and a Tesselated Pavement found in the Villa Adriana, within a most beautiful border of fruit and flowers.

You now re-enter the Hall of Rivers, the Vestibule of which leads into the Chamber of the Muses, a vast and

beautiful Apartment whose ceiling, painted with the Loves and Graces, is supported by sixteen Columns of Carrara marble, with antique capitals from the Villa Adriana.

Here are superbly enshrined Apollo and the fabled Nine. Here are, did I say?—I should have said here were: for Thalia, Urania, Melpomene, Calliope, Polyhymnia, Clio, Erato, and Terpsichore, have been swept away, at a stroke, together with most of the inestimable Termini of the Grecian Sages, by which they were originally accompanied. Some of the latter were with heads, and some of them without—among the latter, alas! Solon and Pittacus—among the former Plato, Epicurus, Thales, Demosthenes, Diogenes, Euripides, Zeno, and Periander.

Let

Let us go on to the Rotunda, a Hall of fifty feet diameter with ten windows, richly intercolumniated, and a vaulted roof, adorned with stucco, and terminating in a sky-light of flint glass.

Ten colossal Busts of peculiar elegance once stood around this superb apartment, upon blocks of porphyry. The most remarkable of them were those of Adrian and Antinous, of the Sun and the Ocean, of the Geniuses of Tragedy and Comedy, all of which were found in that inexhaustible mine of Antiquities the Villa of Adrian.

All the Colossal Statues intended to adorn this Rotunda were not yet placed in their niches, when the French Depredators decimated this unparalleled Collection

lection to enrich the Gallery of Paris. The most remarkable of them were those of the goddess Juno, and of the Emperor Nerva.

The pavement in black and white mosaic representing Medusa's head, with a border of Sea Monsters, was found at Otricoli: and in the midst, upon a bronze stand, four feet high, is a bason of porphyry, fifteen feet diameter.

From this Imperial Hall you pass into the Chamber, in the shape of a Greek cross, by a bronze door, the jambs of which are of red granite, and they are supported by Egyptian Caryatides of the same imperishable material, twelve feet in height. They stand upon pedestals, and bear vases upon their heads, or rather

ther upon an entablature, the frieze of which is an Antique Bas Relief, representing a Combat of Lions and Gladiators.

The most remarkable Objects in this Room are two prodigious blocks of porphyry, embossed with Figures, the heads of which are in full relief. One of them was brought from the ancient Temple of Bacchus, now the Church of St. Constantia, where it contained the ashes of the Daughter of Constantine. The other was found among the ruins of the tower called Pignatara, a few miles without the gates of Rome, and is supposed to have been the tomb of St. Helena, the Mother of the first Christian Emperor—The pavement is a mosaic that was found at Tusculum.

This

This Apartment opens into the Great Stair-case. It is of Carrara marble, divided into three flights. One of them descends to the Library, the Garden, &c. and the other two lead to the Upper Galleries. It is decorated with twenty columns of granite, beside Statues, Vases, &c.

Ascending the marble steps you enter a long Gallery divided into six Apartments, by as many arches supported by Ionic columns. Each of them is lined with elegant Vases, Tripods, Candelabra, Demi-Columns, and Egyptian Idols of the rarest marbles.

But before you advance, an iron gate invites you to peep into a lesser Rotunda, still more richly decorated than the former

mer and ennobled by a view of the Dome of St. Peter's, which is seen at a distance, through one of the windows. In the middle of the apartment is an Antique car, with two horses, driven by a Victor at the Olympic Games.

Passing through the six Divisions of the Gallery of Vases with a cursory glance at the innumerable objects they contain, you enter the Picture Gallery of the Belvidere, of which I shall say nothing, as every thing particularly valuable has been selected by the French.

Returning to the Great Stair-case you may descend into the Garden, if you choose: but it contains nothing remarkable to a French, or an English, Traveller, excepting the Pedestal of the Column of

of Antoninus Pius, which was raised to his memory by his adopted Sons, Marcus Antoninus and Lucius Verus.

It is a single Block of white marble, twelve or fourteen feet square, ornamented with superb Bas Reliefs. One of them represents the apotheosis of Antoninus and Faustina, with whom a powerful Angel ascends to Heaven. Below this Groupe, on one side is a Roma Triumphans, on the other a Figure of Eternity—embracing an obelisk.

LETTER XIII.

Roman Temples, and other Antique Edifices.

OF the many Heathen Temples at Rome that have been converted into Christian Churches, although several are strikingly beautiful, yet none are comparable to the Pantheon, in respect either of sublimity, or preservation.*

This Majestic Rotunda has withstood the injuries of time and nature, ever

* "Amid the domes of Modern hands,
See how the dread Pantheon stands,
Among the toys of idle state,
How simply, how severely great."
ADDISON.

since the Age of the Consuls. By them the gigantic Concave was dedicated to Cybele—the fancied Mother of the Gods, and her numerous Progeny—celestial—terrestrial—and infernal; as in after times by the Popes, to the Virgin Mary—and all the Saints of the Kalendar.

It was originally a simple Dome—a form of all others the least liable to decay—as if intended by its Founders to endure for ever.

The interior is a hundred and fifty feet diameter, and a hundred and fifty high, within solid walls of Roman brick, little less than twenty feet in thickness. They are perforated by a single Door, twenty feet wide, and a single Window, in the centre

centre of the Vault—large enough to admit at once a sufficiency of light and air.

Agrippa, the Son-in-Law of Augustus, added the marble Portico, forty feet by eighty or ninety, supported by sixteen Corinthian Columns, five feet diameter and forty high, although each of them is but a single piece of Egyptian granite, with bases and capitals of white marble. The Augustan Inscription is still legible upon the frieze:

M. AGRIPPA L. F. COS. TERTIUM FECIT.*

Within a lofty Niche, on each side of the Entrance, the Royal Minion proudly, or impiously, placed colossal Statues of himself, and his adoptive Father; and the.

* Erected by M. Agrippa, the Son of L. in his third Consulate.

the self-created deities are supposed to have appeared again above, in triumphal Cars, upon the square Towers which rise to the Entablature of the Edifice, and now terminate in modern Belfrys.—But every thing of that kind on the outside of the Building has long been overthrown and buried in the accumulated rubbish of surrounding Ruins—occasioned by the ravages of the Goths and Vandals—the effects of successive Conflagrations—and the silent devastation of corroding Time.

The bold Concavity within remained uninjured amidst the falling walls of neighbouring Edifices, by which two of the massy Columns of the Portico had been crushed to pieces; and a sallow hue is to this day the only indication of remote

remote Antiquity in the minutest mouldings of the Pediments, supported over the perpetual Altars by coeval pillars of porphyry and granite.

This magnificent Temple was stripped of its Images—its sacrificial Vessels of gold and silver—and its ornaments of precious Stones, by Constantine II. who removed them to Constantinople, then the Seat of Empire; and the bronze Doors, curiously embossed, were taken away by Genseric King of the Vandals, and afterward lost in the Sicilian Sea.—It remained for Pope Urban VIII. in our own times to strip the beams of the Portico of their bronze plates for the brazen Canopy of St. Peter's.

On beholding for the first time this prodigious Rotunda, the Spectator involuntarily stops at the Entrance, and surveys with astonishment—tinctured perhaps with apprehension, the immense Concavity of the Dome, which is seen so much nearer the eye than that of St. Peter's as to impress more strongly with an idea of physical impossibility, and invisible support.

From hence the opening in the centre appears to be of moderate dimensions, although it is little less than thirty feet diameter; and through it the sight of clouds and azure in the ambient air adds unspeakable sublimity to the artificial Hemisphere.

The

The circling walls encrusted with marble present alternate Niches and Colonnades. The latter form ample Recesses within the thickness of the walls, and the compartments of the Vault are said to have been originally plated with silver.

The everlasting Pavement has been chiefly laid with porphyry and granite, and the centre piece, a circle of ten or twenty feet diameter, is perforated with holes, to carry off the rain that occasionally enters from above.

There is nothing remarkable among the seven Altars which have supplanted the Pedestals of the Heathen gods ever since the year 606, when the Emperor Phocas assigned this Temple to Pope Boniface

Boniface IV. and with it that Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction, which is by Some thought to have then constituted the Temporal Antichrist.

The Busts of Raphael—of Annibal Carracci—of Poussin—of Metastasio—of Winkelman—and of Mengs are modestly placed in circular Niches, around the walls; and serve to point—or to recall the appropriate meditations which are here frequently disturbed by clamorous Beggars, and idle Devotees.

Towards evening (when These were withdrawn) I have often niched myself in a corner of one of the Recesses, and reviewed the evanescent Scenes connected with the history of this everlasting Edifice.—Separated from the jarring World,

World by the impervious Circle, I could fancy myself secured, like it, from the effects of years and revolutions—enclosed in the perpetual Concave that forms an adamantine link between the Ancient and the Modern World.

The Pantheon is not the only Monument of Roman magnificence that rears its venerable head in a form that promises to endure as long as the Globe on which it stands. Two others remain uninjured—the Witnesses—and the Survivors of the Decline and Fall of the Empire of the World. They are the Doric Columns erected in the respective Forums of Trajan, and Antonine.

Of these unparalleled Pillars a single block of white marble, two and twenty

feet square, forms the Plinth—four others placed two along and two across make the Pedestal—another gives the Base—twenty or thirty more turn the Shaft, in circular blocks of twelve feet diameter—and another, twenty feet square, displays the soaring Capital, a hundred and twenty or thirty feet in the air.

The Pedestal of that of Trajan is curiously embossed with Bas Reliefs, representing missile weapons, and coats of mail; and the Shafts of both these matchless Columns are fretted with the historic scenery of the successful expeditions of the respective Emperors, represented by some thousands of Figures occasionally interspersed with Towers and Gallies, curiously wrought, upon a

spiral

spiral Bandelet, three feet deep, which forms fifteen or twenty evolutions, gradually rising to the Abacus.

A Door in each Pedestal opens into a spiral Stair-case which perforates the Shafts, and leads out upon the Capitals; upon whose proud elevation were anciently placed colossal Statues of Trajan and Antonine: but the mutilated Remains that survived the devastation of the Middle Ages were removed by the princely Prelate Sixtus V. to make way for those of the Chief of the Apostles—St. Peter and St. Paul.

These superb Columns are of a dingy hue, and to the height of forty or fifty feet they bear the marks of many a heavy shock, from the fall of surrounding Edifices.

Edifices. They now stand, like the effects of enchantment, in the midst of Modern Buildings, which have successively risen upon the ruins of the Ancient Forums, and effaced every vestige of contemporary grandeur.*

HAVING contemplated the remaining Monuments of Ancient Rome that still preserve entire the perfect harmony of their original proportions, let us now take a walk across the elevated site of the

* Trajan died in the City of Seleucia, of the bloody flux, at the very time they were finishing at Rome the Column that should perpetuate his victories. Adrian however transported his Remains from Asia, and placed the ashes in a golden globe, in the left hand of a Colossal Statue of his Benefactor. On one side of the Pedestal may still be read the following Inscription:

S. P. Q. R.
IMP. CÆSARI D. NERVÆ F.
NERVÆ TRAJANO AUG. GERM. DACICO
PONTIF. MAX. TRIB. POT. XII. IMP. III. COS. VI.
P. P.
AD. DECLARANDUM QUANTÆ ALTITUDINIS
MONS. ET LOCUS TANTIS OPERIBUS SIT EGESTUS.

the Capitol—disguised by the Porch and Turret of a Modern Town-House, and after looking down the precipice of the Tarpeian Rock—a cliff that would now scarcely give tragic sublimity to a Lover's Leap, let us descend into

The Roman Forum—now a common field, without the Town, only distinguished, here and there, by a broken Portico, or a mutilated Arch, interspersed with prostrate Columns, and mouldering Capitals, half buried in the earth. On one side are the remaining Vaults of the Temple of Peace—which received the Spoils of the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, whose sacred Vessels had been restored by Cyrus, together with the *Children of the Captivity;* on the other the shapeless Ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars—

overshadowed

overshadowed with funereal Cypresses which have emblematically supplanted the Laurels of the Palatine Hill; in front are the yet undilapidated Arcades of the gigantic Coliseum, towering at a respectful distance over intermediate Objects of majestic ruin—among which are the fallen Temples of the Sun and Moon.

Going down the venerable Hill you pass between Three Columns and a Piece of Entablature, exquisitely wrought, which once formed a corner of the magnificent Temple of Jupiter the Thunderer (erected by Augustus in gratitude for his safety when a Freedman was struck dead by his side) now almost buried in a hill of ruin; and an Ionic Colonnade—the only remains of that Temple of Concord in which Cicero convened

ed the Senate to impeach the treachery of Catiline.

On the Frieze of the latter may still be read this laconic Inscription:

S. P. Q. R. INCENDIO CONSUMPTUM, RESTITUERUNT.*

Below these interesting Mementos of Classical Antiquity, you pass through the Triumphal Arch of Septimius Severus, the Base of which has been buried eight or ten feet beneath the present surface of the earth, and the Imperial Car, with its Four brazen Horses, has long been tumbled from the crumbling Entablature.

Further

* Restored by the S. P. R. when consumed by fire.

Further on is a little Chapel erected over the Dungeons of the Mammertine Prison, whose deep and humid Cell is now venerated by all good Catholics as the place where St. Peter and St. Paul were confined by the Tyrant Nero.—Here also the unfortunate Jugurtha was starved to death by the *civilized Savages* of Antiquity.

On one side of this horrid Dungeon is the Scala Gemonia or Hill of groans, upon which the Bodies of real or pretended Malefactors executed in the Prison, were barbarously thrown out to amuse the ferocious curiosity of the Populace of Rome.

Advancing along the Via Sacra, so called from the Religious Processions of Heathen

Heathen Rome, apparently little different from the Antichristian Imitation of them, you pass on the left the Portico of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina—the Body of which has long been converted into a Christian Church.

At a distance, on the right, there stands a single Column of some unknown Temple, not one stone of which has been left upon another, excepting the Shaft and Capital of this solitary Pillar, which looks as if it had dropped from the clouds, among the miserable hovels that have been framed around it.

A little further you see three noble Columns that still support a massy portion of the rich Entablature of the Temple of Jupiter Stator.

Beyond these are the fallen Arches of the Imperial Palace—once the abode of the Roman Cæsars—now a mass of undistinguishable ruin—concealed by rubbish—and entangled with briars and thorns.

Two semicircular piles, however, at a prodigious distance from each other, still exhibit half a Rotunda, and support in the air half a Dome, the naked compartments of which—once plated with silver, vaulted over a Colonnade of Parian or Numidian marble, glittering with foliage of Corinthian brass.

But the Towers of the Septizonium—seven Ranges of Columns, which reared aloft the Eastern Portico, are now totally prostrated, and their precise situation is no longer remembered. Three Stories

of

of this superb Colonnade remained unshaken till the time of Sixtus V. when they were removed by that indefatigable Pontiff to decorate the Tombs and Altars of the Cathedral of St. Peter.

From the proud Balconies of this incomparable Palace Tiberius and Nero—Commodus and Domitian, could overlook the Area of the Circus Maximus, whose incredible dimensions occupied the whole space between the Palatine Mount, and the Aventine Hill. Within the vast circumference—in the sight of a hundred and fifty thousand Spectators, the Charioteers of Rome, used to drive seven times around the conical Goals, that terminated the Spina; frequently overturning, and, without mercy, trampling upon each other, in their headlong course.

One

One of these Balconies remains unbroken, or at least repaired, from whence the Imperial Pandars sometimes commanded the Public amusements—sometimes ignobly descended into the Area to assist in person at the foot-races, or the courses of horses and chariots, round the Egyptian Obelisks which now dignify the Piazza del Popolo, and the Court of St. John.

The central Spina was then surrounded by a broad and deep Canal, upon which Sea-Fights were sometimes exhibited—a boast of Rome, that would now be the jest of Britain.—

The Chariots, and the Obelisks—the Gallies, and the Canal have disappeared, alike; and the length and the breadth of the

the wide-extended Area can now only be traced upon the slopes of a cabbage garden!

Let us return to the Forum. Opposite to the Palace are the three brick Arches that once formed as many Recesses of the Temple of Peace, the vast concaves of which are fretted into square compartments which have long since lost the sculptured roses—of stucco—of marble—perhaps of silver—or of gold, with which they were once interleaved.

Here this venerable Field—so richly strewed with the Spoils of Antiquity, contracts itself to a single Arch, supported by Corinthian Columns, and fretted with Bas Reliefs, of the most exquisite

site workmanship.—It is that of Titus—erected in commemoration of *the Destruction of Jerusalem*, and *the Dispersion of the Jews*—those awful Events which had been expressly predicted in the Sacred Records.

I could never contemplate this Arch, but with a degree of veneration, as a visible proof of Scripture History, singularly corroborating with that of the actual situation of the Children of Israel.

Within the Arch is a marble Bas Relief, five or six feet in height, and ten or twelve in length, in which are represented the sacred Vessels of the Holy of Holies, which *Moses was commanded to make, in the Wilderness of Zin, according to the pattern which had been shown him*

him on the Mount: As, *the Table of Shew-Bread—with its rings, and its staves; the Cup of Libations; the Silver Trumpets, with which the Sons of Aaron were to gather together the Congregation—to sound an alarm—or to sanctify a Fast;* and, *the Golden Candlestick—of seven branches—with its bowls, its knops, and its flowers —three branches coming out of the one side, and three out of the other.*

Upon the Frieze of the Southern Frontispiece, a recumbent Jordan is conveyed in Triumph, by *the People of the Prince that should come* (so said the Prophet Daniel, in the days of Darius the Mede) *to destroy the City, and the Sanctuary.*

It is said that the Jews of Rome have always avoided passing under the Arch of

of Titus, as a Monument of their National subjugation, and departed Polity.

However this may be, the Beggars frequent it, without scruple, and deafen the Curious Observer, while he is studying remote allusions, or poring over the adulatory Inscription:

SENATUS POPULUSQUE ROMANUS, DIVO TITO,* &c.

with vociferous exclamations of "Dio vo' accompagn' a la Madonna!" or "Date me quelqu' ose, por le Animé Santé del Purgatorio! †

This venerable Arch is at the entrance of a long passage, enclosed between high walls

* The Senate and People of Rome, to the god Titus.

† God accompany you to the Madonna! Give me something, for the sake of the holy Souls in Purgatory!

walls, which being a noted resort of Foreigners is generally lined with whole Families of the begging Tribe—Among them I once overheard a Mother teaching her Child the Trade.

At the end of the Passage is a Second Field or Common, in which are situated the Amphitheatre of Vespasian, and the Arch of Constantine the Great. At a little distance are also massy Fragments of the Baths of Titus, in which was found the Wonderful Groupe of the Laocoon; and the Painting of the Roman Marriage, which is supposed to be the finest specimen of that art among the Ancients which has been recovered from the ruins of Ages.

We are now in the Forum of the Flavian Amphitheatre—the most imposing Edifice, excepting the Pyramid of Cheops, that has descended from Antiquity, to confound the calculations of Modern Art. The Roman Amphitheatre however, in the shape of an oval, encloses an area of no less extent than that of the Egyptian Pyramid.

One Side of the majestic circumference still rises to the height of a hundred feet, by three Rows of open Arcades, and one unperforated Story, ornamented with intermediate columns and pilasters, of all the Grecian Orders, surmounted with the Roman Composite.

The other Half of this immeasurable Structure has been long partially dilapidated—

dated—not by the incursions of Goths and Vandals—nor the explosion of an earthquake: but by domestic and ignoble enemies—the Farneses and the Barberini, who found in its solid masses a quarry of marble, or a pit of lime-stone, for the tasteless Piles they reared in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, under the fostering indulgence of Paul the Third and Urban the Eighth.

QUOD NON FECERUNT BARBARI FECERUNT BARBERINI,*

said the indignant Populace, at the shameful abuse of this unparalleled Monument of the glory of their Ancestors.

The

* What the Barbarians left has been destroyed by the Barberini.

The external Arcade is a sweep six hundred feet long, and four hundred wide, originally shelving down within by marble seats, whose contracting rows formed an Area for the exhibitions, three or four hundred feet over.

In this vast Arena Titus is said to have produced ten thousand Wild Beasts, on the day of its dedication, to entertain, with sights of cruelty and horror, the Idlers of Imperial Rome.

Here, until the Decline of the Empire, naked Gladiators, armed with a shield and a dagger, tempted the unequal conflict with the fiercest Beasts that could be found in the remotest Deserts; and the unhappy Wretches were often commanded

manded to turn their arms against each other, and fight till one or the other fell; when the fainting Victim, if not already dead, received from the roaring Galleries, according to the humour of the moment, the sentence of death or dismissal.

Enough—perhaps too much of Roman barbarity—or I could tell a tale of systematic horror, that would far outbrave the reprobated Death-dance of American Savages.

This unhallowed spot has been latterly consecrated by the Church, as the place where many of the First Christians suffered martyrdom—*obliged to fight with beasts, as was St. Paul at Ephesus.*

A wooden

A wooden Cross now occupies the centre of the Area, privileged, if I recollect right, to confer forty days of pardon upon the Devout Believers who shall kiss it as they pass; and the inner circumference of the stupendous Ellipsis is now christened with fourteen equidistant Chapels, upon the frontispiece of which are painted as many circumstances of the eventful story of our blessed Saviour, which are here called the fourteen mysteries of the passion of Christ.

These Chapels are occasionally visited by the neighbouring Monks, when the doating Fathers are followed by Crowds of Women and Children, to recite before each of them, with noisy zeal, a certain portion of the litany.

One day too in the year, I think the first of May, the Lads and Lasses of Rome affect a pilgrimage to the distant Churches, many of which now stand a mile or two in the fields; at length forsaken by the successive Regulars that continued from age to age, with real or pretended devotion to officiate at their solitary Altars; till a second Nebuchadnezzar carried away the Pope and his Cardinals, to lament a second Captivity, by the rivers of a modern Babylon.

On these *edifying* occasions I have seen the sprightly Pilgrims romping with jocund glee, from Church to Church, like the playful Truants of a Country School, and alternately bestowing their balmy kisses upon the forsaken Images, and

and upon each other, with mingled merriment and devotion.

The Arch of Constantine has a centre and two posterns. It is adorned with intercolumniations, supporting an Attic, and interspersed with Bas Reliefs, which exhibit a striking proof of the decay of the Arts before the decline of the Empire. A number of them, of the boldest design, and the freest relief, were taken from an Arch of Trajan, and contrast strangely with the monotonous outline, and flat projection, of those that were made on purpose for the last Imperial Arch, in the beginning of the Fourth Century.

They exhibit rude specimens of approaching barbarism; yet the Inscription ascribes

ascribes to the Emperor the saving of the State, with all the pomp of Roman eloquence, in the best days of the Republic.

INSTINCTU DIVINITATIS, ET MENTIS MAGNITUDINE.*

The Entablature is nobly ornamented, on each front, by four Dacian Captives, of exquisite workmanship, in attitudes expressive of their melancholy situation. These were taken, as well as the beforementioned Bas Reliefs, from the dilapidated Arch of Trajan, in whose time the Arts had attained that pitch of perfection, from which they so suddenly declined.

* By the inspiration of the Divinity, and the greatness of his own mind.

It has been fondly imagined that the inscription upon this Arch alludes to the Vision of the cross, and the accompanying promise, *in hoc signo vinces:* but if such sounds were really heard before the battle of the Milvian Bridge, a Christian can feel no hesitation in ascribing them to any other Power than that of *the Prince of Peace.**

BETWEEN the Coliseum and the Tyber you may penetrate, if you choose, into the open tunnel of the Cloaca Maxima, a part of which is still in good repair, though constructed by Tarquinius Priscus,

* I have often been shocked with the impious arrogation of this appropriate title, by a Spanish grandee, and wondered that Foreign Prints have so familiarly adopted the blasphemous distinction.—As to the Spaniards themselves, it is quite of a piece with their *Conceptio*, their *Santissima Trinidada*, and their *Salvador del Mundo*, applied with no less absurdity than irreverence to Ships of War—the most powerful engines of destruction.

cus, in the infancy of Rome; and successively contemplate the venerable Temples dedicated to Vesta and to Fortuna Virilis, by Numa Pompilius, and Servius Tullius, the second, and the sixth, Kings of Rome, now disguised by modern intercolumniations.

Then tracing, in the bed of the River, the foundations of the Triumphal Bridge, over which none were permitted to pass but the Generals and their Legions returning in triumph from the Kingdoms they had subdued, you may moralize upon the countless horrors of three hundred and twenty-two Triumphs, that were granted between the days of Romulus and Probus, to the cruel claim of destroying, in a single battle, five thousand of the Enemies of Rome.

Further

Further on you may discover the remains of the Sublician Bridge, so called from the beams of timber with which it was originally constructed, and from which, after it had been converted into marble, were precipitated into the Tyber the brutal Emperors Commodus, and Heliogabalus, by the vengeful fury of the very Populace upon whose necks they had till that moment trampled with impunity.

Above are the picturesque arches of the Ponte Rotto, or Broken Bridge, originally the Pons Palatinus, that had been rebuilt as lately as the Sixteenth Century; but was soon afterward half swept away by an inundation, and has never since been repaired.

Not

Not far distant is the only Bridge now remaining at Rome of the Age of the Consuls and the Cæsars. It has been thrown over the Tyber, at two reprisals, by means of an island in the river, now covered with houses; and remaining inscriptions preserve the memory of the respective Founders, Fabricius and Curtius, two Consuls of the ancient Republic.

Pursuing our route toward the walls we come across the Church of San Stefano Rotundo, the elegant colonnades of which were originally dedicated to some Heathen god; and perceive at a distance the Pyramid of Caius Cestius upon the Via Ostia, the only monument

ment of this form now remaining at Rome.*

Reaching, at length, through crooked lanes, formed by the walls of surrounding vine-yards, the Gate of St. Sebastian, the Portus Capenus of the wall of Aurelian, without turning aside to trace the endless labyrinth of the Baths of Caracalla, or to examine the unaccountable composition of the Mons Testaceus, a considerable hill entirely formed of fragments of ancient pottery, we behold with

* This indestructible Mausoleum is a hundred feet square, and as many high. There are several inscriptions upon it. By one of them

C. CESTIUS. L. F. POB. EPULO. PR. TR. PL.
VII. VIR. EPULONUM.

its illustrious Occupant appears to have been one of the seven Officers who had the direction of the Sacrificial Feasts.

with veneration the everlasting pavement of the Appian Way.*

On the left hand is the tomb of the Horatii—now a shapeless mass of Roman brick, disguised by a modern turret for the convenience of a Vine-dresser.

On the right (if I mistake not) is that of the Scipios, forgotten by Tradition, though recorded by Livy, till it was accidentally

* Poring Antiquaries can still trace, among the endless walls of the Baths of Caracalla, the Vestibulum, which was an immense Rotunda, a Theatre, two Libraries (one Greek, the other Latin) a Grove (then planted, with the plane-tree in which were placed chairs for Poets, Philosophers, and Rhetoricians, and two Temples; beside the rooms where the Wrestlers undressed, where they were sprinkled with dust, after having been anointed with oil, where they sunned themselves, and where they exhibited the Gymnastic games; and beside the Terraces for throwing the discus or quoit, the Piscina or pool for Swimmers, and Baths whether cold, tepid, warm, or sweating, sufficient to accommodate three thousand Persons at a time: For the Imperial Thermæ were rather luxurious Lyceums to which the Baths, properly so called, were nothing more than a sensual appendage.

cidentally discovered in 1780, when its precious contents were lodged in the Museum of the Vatican.*

Not far distant is the principal opening of the Catacombs, those endless excavations originally formed by digging puzzolana for the enormous Edifices of ancient Rome—now venerated by the Catholic Church as the burying-place of the Primitive Martyrs; into which *I shall* not venture to descend, nor shall I pledge my veracity upon the number of miles through which it is said the winding cavities may be pursued.

On the opposite side of the Roman Way, at the distance of a mile or two after

* "Extra Portam Capenam," says Livy, "in Scipionum monumento tres statuæ sunt; quarum duæ P. & L. Scipionum dicuntur esse; tertia Poetæ Ennii. *Lib.* xxxviii. *c.* 56.

after the ancient pavement has been quitted by the modern road, is the superb Mausoleum of the Wife of Crassus—that Crassus whose wealth was a counterpoise to the name of Pompey, and the fortune of Cæsar, since he was one of the Triumvirate which, at Lucça, divided the dominions of the Roman World.

This noble Monument, more durable—perhaps more splendid, than the tomb of Mausolus erected by Artemisia (a wonder of ancient Greece, when she proudly despised the *Barbarians* of the West) is a round Tower sixty feet diameter, rising from a square Basement; and it was once surmounted with a Dome. There still remains a beautiful entablature of white marble. It is of the Doric Order, bearing ox-heads, hung with garlands,

in the alternate metopes, which shew no marks of antiquity but the perfection of the workmanship, and the laconism of the inscription:

CÆCILIÆ
Q. CRETICI F.
METELLÆ
CRASSI.*

inscribed in large capitals, upon a marble pannel.

The form and the materials of this magnificent structure would seem to have entitled it to endless duration, if it had been left to time and nature; but the Dome was levelled to make room for a fortification, in the wars of the Barons; and in less turbulent times, when the fort became useless, immense blocks of stone

* Crassus to Cecilia Metella the Daughter of Q. Creticus.

stone were successively drawn away from one side of the Tower, for the purposes of neighbouring buildings, until it was discovered that there was a cell in the centre.—It was broken into with avidity, in the hope of treasure; and the dust of Cecilia, that had reposed a thousand years, in a marble Sarcophagus, shrouded by impenetrable darkness, was in a moment scattered to the winds.*

Not far from hence—in a winding valley, is the Fountain of the Nymph Egeria, visited in ancient days, for oracular divinations, by the pious Numa—but the spot

* The fairy tale has been fondly repeated by credulous Virtuosos, that in some of these ancient repositories of the Dead sepulchral lamps have been found still burning—but if the doubtful dictum had ever any foundation in fact, it were more probable that the lamps had been filled with some phosphoric substance, that would kindle on the admission of air.

spot is now scarcely distinguishable, amidst surrounding thickets, by a dripping grotto, and a broken Statue.

RETURNING toward Rome, without visiting the ambiguous remains of Temples and Churches, which have been successively deserted by successive Priests and Monks, notwithstanding the patronage, equally miraculous, of successive Demigods and Saints, we trace the enormous outline of the Circus of Caracalla, in crumbling brick work.

But before we turn our backs upon this seat of desolation—silent and solitary as the Deserts of Arabia, let us walk through one of the arches of those stupendous Aqueducts that conveyed whole rivers to Rome—not by the simple

ple principle of hydrostatics, the discovery of which, in our own times, has precluded the necessity of such expensive structures: but by an artificial level, procured with immense labour, by piercing through hills, and arching over vallies. The gigantic arcades still stretch their interminable arches in various directions, across the desolated plain—like endless chains of inconceivable communication, realized from the fictions of romance.

Going on toward the City by the pavement of the Appian Way, let us examine the artificial construction by which the Ancients seem to have bespoken for their works the perpetuity they inherit. The pentangular stones are of a bluish flint, and they have been selected of unequal sizes, from one to three feet diameter,

meter, and twelve inches thick. They were bedded in a layer of gravel, which has since hardened into one solid mass; and the layer itself rests upon a bed of sand closely rammed down. The surface is flat and the joints never run in the direction of the road, thus the carriage wheels were prevented from ploughing up the pavement by running between the stones. The Appian and Flaminian Ways are scarcely fifteen feet wide, and would therefore be insufficient for two modern carriages to pass at once, but they were sufficiently spacious for the ancient cars, the ruts of which are no more than four feet apart.

By making a considerable circuit, without the walls, we may visit the Church of St. Constantia, the daughter of

of Constantine the Great, all the Females of whose Family have been sainted by the gratitude of the Popes.

Passing by the gate of St. Lawrence, may be seen within the walls the ruined Temple of Minerva Medica—a majestic decagon, whose soaring Dome—irregularly perforated by decay, and hung round with ivy, in the inimitable taste of Time and Nature, has long formed one of those picturesque objects that Artists intuitively select for elegant imitation.

The Church of St. Constantia was once a Temple of Bacchus—Its interior is still the most beautiful, though not the most magnificent, specimen of Ancient architecture, in its kind.

A lofty

A lofty Dome springs lightly from the arches of a circular Peristyle, or double Colonnade (I think of Doric Columns) coupled, not longitudinally, but diametrically, and by that means uniting strength with lightness—a beauty rarely aimed at in Grecian Architecture; and an exterior row of single Columns originally formed a circular Aisle around the graceful Cell.

But the outer Colonnade is now walled up, and the exterior elegance of the aerial Structure—once open, on all sides, to the approaching Votary, has been totally obliterated, by concealing the swell of the Dome, with an angular roof; so that from without you might suppose it a circular barn—if it stood in fields

where

where the fruits of the earth are gathered in by industrious Husbandmen.

Again entering within the walls of Rome, by the Porta Pia, after walking a long way between the parallel walls of vine-yards and gardens, we may admire the Frontispiece of the Fontana Sistina, erected by Sixtus V. to ornament the Reservoir of an ancient Aqueduct repaired by that magnificent Prelate, among the many stupendous works that will ever illustrate the five years of his pontificate.

Within its lofty Arcades is represented, in alto relievo, the appropriate Story of Moses striking the Rock, in the Wilderness of Kadesh, and before them are placed, in gardant attitudes, four Lions of

Egyptian workmanship—the hardness of whose materials had preserved them from being crushed to pieces, beneath the falling Columns of the Pantheon.

This elegant and useful Structure is surrounded by the wide-spread departments of the Baths of Diocletian, some of the Recesses of which have been turned into Public Storehouses for wine and oil, and others of them have been converted into Churches—one of which is of a size to vie with the extended Nave of St. Peter's. But the greatest part of them now exhibit to the curious Spectator, little more than frowning Arches, and mouldering Walls.

LETTER XIV.

Modern Churches.

AFTER having seen St. Peter's, it is natural to suppose that no other Church can engage curiosity, or arrest attention: Yet among the two or three hundred that have given to Rome the surname of *La Santa*, numbers are astonishingly rich and beautiful.

Some of these that are comparatively small, present Fronts adorned with Columns and Pilasters, one or two Stories high, in every imaginable combination of architectural symmetry. Others are gracefully moulded within into Rounds,

or

or Ovals; or distributed into Aisles and Domes—their walls encrusted with painting and marble, and their Ceilings pannelled with stucco—often richly gilded, and sometimes hung with Festoons of fruit and flowers, in gilt bronze, according to the purest style of Grecian ordonnance. Several of them defy the effect of comparison, even in point of size, as soon as you are within their folding Doors, and perceive that thousands of such Beings as you see traversing the Aisles, or kneeling before the Altars, might range the ample Pavement, without incommoding each other in the least; and some of these contain single Altar pieces, in the name of favourite Saints, far superior in size and richness to any at St. Peter's, where particular decoration

decoration has been necessarily sacrificed to general uniformity.

Of the principal Churches, whether within or without the walls, I shall take particular notice, after mentioning several others, in which there are single objects that merit description.

At the Trinita da Monte the Chapel of a Convent which owes its foundation to St. Louis, and has shewn its gratitude by Portraits of the long list of French Monarchs painted on the walls of its Cloister—now probably terminated for ever by that of Lewis XVI. is a celebrated Fresco of the Descent from the Cross, by Daniel de Volterre.

At

At the Convent of Capuchins, in the Piazza Barberini, is Michael chaining the Dragon, a Painting by Guido, from which was taken the Mosaic at St. Peter's—the countenance of the Arch-angel beaming with celestial mildness, a little of which has been lost in the Copy, however admirable in other respects.

At the Church of the Augustines is the Isaiah of Raphael—said to have been attempted in emulation of the Prophets of Michael Angelo in the Capella Sistina —A vain attempt. The Minion of Grace and Darling of Invention has not been able to give any more holy zeal to his Prophets than virgin purity to his Madonnas—no wonder, since the latter are supposed to be nothing more than Portraits

traits of the favourite Mistresses of a dissipated Youth.*

At St. Andrea della Valle are admired the Cupola painted by Lanfranc, and the St. John of Domenichino.

At St. Agnes—a beautiful little Church, with a noble Dome, elegantly contrasted without by two open and spiral Turrets, is a Bas Relief by Algardi representing the Saint—a Roman virgin miraculously covered by her own hair, when dragged into the Lupanaria of the Circus Agonalis, in order to be defiled.

At St. Pietro in Vincoli is the unfinished Tomb of Julius II. celebrated for a Statue of Moses by Michael Angelo.

A beautiful

* See Moore's Italy Vol. II. 428.

A beautiful Chapel on the Quirinal hill is remarkable for being erected on a ground-plot no more than equal to that of one of the Piers of the Dome of St. Peter's.

The Church of Santa Maria della Pace is celebrated for a Fresco of Raphael that represented the Sibyls of Antiquity receiving or communicating oracular inspirations—but it is *fading* from the walls.

Those of San Pietro Montorio, and San Jeronimo della Carita, have been stripped of their ancient boast the Master-pieces in oil by Raphael and Domenichino—originals of the Ascension and Communion of St. Peter's, to enrich the insatiable

insatiable Corridor of the Gallery of Paris.

THE venerable Church of St. John de Lateran was originally built by Constantine the Great, together with an adjoining Palace, in which the Bishops of Rome resided for many ages—before they assumed the title of Pope, and exchanged the Mitre for the Tiara.

Both of them were destroyed by fire in the Fifteenth Century, and the Church was soon rebuilt; but the Pontiffs then preferring the more central situation of the Vatican, the Palace remained in ruins till the time of Sixtus V. who erected a superb Edifice for occasional residence, which has never been occupied.

Clement XII. in the beginning of the present Century ornamented one of the Chapels for his own burial-place, and added the Eastern Portico, to dignify the spot.

It is the grandest modern Colonnade in the World, though that of the Louvre at Paris exceeds it in beauty. It is a hundred and fifty feet long, and a hundred high, in two Stories, formed by coupled Columns, Corinthian and Composite, surmounted by a central Pediment—a Balustrade—and colossal Statues of John the Baptist, and other Saints.

On the elevated Frieze is written in letters of gold the dedication to Christ and Saint John, and somewhere else, I cannot

cannot recollect where, is inscribed the antiquated and disputable title of Mother Church.

"OMNIUM ECCLESIARUM URBIS ET ORBIS TERRARUM, MATER ET CAPUT."*

The Pope of Rome still considers himself as Bishop of this Church, and it is the closing act of his installation to take possession, in form, of the supposed See of St. Peter; when he pronounces the Papal Benediction from the central Balcony, in the second Story of the Portico. A ceremony that I shall describe in course, as preparations are now making for its celebration; which his present *Holiness* had thought it prudent to

* The Mother and Head of all the Churches in the World.

to defer till the Continental Peace should confirm his tottering elevation.

On entering this august Edifice you find yourself in a long and broad Aisle, with a flat Ceiling, richly gilt, in massy compartments. At the end of it is a Gothic Tabernacle, erected over the High Altar. Behind this is the Cross Aisle; and further still a semicircular Tribune the vault of which is covered with ancient Mosaics, rudely representing the Saviour, and if I remember right the four and twenty Elders of the Apocalypse.

But the sides of the Nave are nobly ornamented with colossal Statues of the twelve Apostles—They stand in ample Niches separated from each other by the

Arcades

Arcades of the Side Aisles, under dove-coloured Pediments, supported by beautiful Columns of verde antique.

These Statues, like those in the Niches at St. Peter's, are chiseled but not polished. They are all well designed and exquisitely wrought, in flowing draperies, by the best Artists of the last Age. Those of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the right and left of the Altar, are by Monot—one, as usual, displaying the keys of *the pearl gates;* and the other *reasoning of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come,* with that impressive animation which made *Felix tremble* —and *almost persuaded King Agrippa to be a Christian.**

Those

* "Except these bonds," said the dignified Confessor of Jesus (from the accusing Bar to the convicted Bench) "I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am."

Those of St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew are by Le Gros. The former—a venerable old Man with a long beard—a Carpenter by trade, throwing aside his square to declaim against the vices of the Age.

Those of St. Andrew the Uncle, and St. James the Brother, of our Lord, are by Rusconi; as is also that of St. John, the youngest of his Disciples—looking upward, with that Eagle eye that should afterward penetrate into the remotest ages; when, banished to *the Isle of Patmos*, he should be *in the spirit—on the Lord's day*.

But an unknown Sculptor deserves equal praise for a representation, equally meritorious, of St. Matthew, examining his

his Gospel, and neglecting a bag of money, that scatters at his feet; with the disinterested ardour of that Disciple who, *sitting at the receipt of custom*, when Jesus called him, *immediately arose, and followed Him that had not where to lay his head.*

Four antique Columns of gilt bronze ornament the Altar of the Transept. They were saved from the dilapidation of Jupiter Capitolinus, and are said to have been brought by Titus from the Temple of Jerusalem.

The Corsini Chapel, supposed the finest in the world, separated from a side Aisle by a Grate of wrought iron, is encrusted with marble, and richly gilt. —Its Altar presents a Picture by Guido

of

of some equivocal Saint of the Pope's own lineage; and the Remains of Clement now repose in the famous porphyry Urn which was found in the Mausoleum of Adrian, and is supposed to have contained his Ashes.—Upon it lies the Triple Crown, glittering with precious stones, at the foot of the papal Effigy in gilt bronze.

In the Cloisters is the tomb of *St. Helena*, the Mother of Constantine the Great, and two seats of marmo rosso found in the Imperial baths.

In one of the Courts of this Church the indefatigable Sixtus erected again an Obelisk of red granite—the largest in the World. It is covered with Egyptian Hieroglyphics, the edges of which are still

still as square as if cut but yesterday, although thirteen hundred years before Christ it had been placed by Rameses king of Egypt in a Theban Temple, from whence it was brought to Rome by the Emperor Constantius, and by him placed in the Circus Maximus—the gigantic appendage of the Palace of the Cæsars.

It was then a single Stone ten feet in diameter, and one hundred and twenty-five in length, but when Sixtus employed Fontana to set up, a third time, the incredible mass, it was buried in sixteen feet of rubbish, and had been broken into three pieces by its fall.*

* In the interesting Account of Egypt lately published in France by the ingenious Denon, the operation by which such enormous blocks

In another Court is the Scala Santa, or Holy Stair-Case—so called from having been ascended by our Saviour, when he was arraigned before Pontius Pilate by the Rulers of the Jews.

Whether this was or was not the identical Stair-Case of the Prætorium of Palestine, when the Prototype of the Paschal Lamb was brought before the Roman Governor of Judea, at the time of the celebration of the typical Passover, when *as a Lamb dumb before the Shearers he opened not his mouth;* it was undoubtedly brought

blocks were detached from their native beds is curiously described. A cleft as long as the intended Monument was first cut into the solid rock and then the whole mass was split off at once, by means of a line of wedges struck in at the same moment. The marks of these first operations, says that curious Observer, are preserved so fresh in this unalterable material, that one might suppose the work to have been but lately interrupted: for such is the hardness of Egyptian granite that the rocks which have been brushed ever since the Deluge by the current of the Nile are not worn away but only polished by the friction of the waves.

brought from Jerusalem at the time of the Crusades and here set up for the adoration of the Faithful—who creep up it upon their hands and knees, and descend again by a less holy Flight, on either side of the venerated Steps, which are nearly worn through by the zeal of the Devout.

The Church of St. Paul, stands upon the banks of the Tyber, a mile without the walls of Rome—on the very spot (said its Founder, the Emperor Theodosius) where the holy Apostle was buried—three hundred years before, after having been beheaded at the command of Nero.

You enter this venerable Edifice from the great road, behind the High Altar, standing under a Gothic Canopy, with fretted

fretted pinnacles, before which the Nave stretches out in barren vacancy like a great Barn, seventy feet wide and three hundred long; covered with painted rafters of unknown antiquity intended for a flat Ceiling, and a broken Pavement made up of the fragments of ancient Tombstones, and surrounding Ruins.

Yet is this damp and gloomy Nave divided from four side Aisles by a double row of an hundred and eighteen fluted Columns, of the most precious marble, taken from the Mausoleum of Adrian; and over the superb Colonnade is continued all round the Church an historical Series of the two or three hundred Prelates who have successively occupied the Chair of St. Peter, from the days of *the Prince of the Apostles*, for such is now the

the designation of Simon Peter in the very place where he is supposed to have suffered an ignominious death.*

Toward the River is a Portico not long since erected upon clustered Pilasters, crowned with Arcades, the noble simplicity of whose Interior imposes veneration, as do the mystic Symbols of the four Evangelists which are seen from without, in antiquated Mosaics, under the covings of the eaves.

Over the great Arch of the Nave within, is a Mosaic Head of the Saviour made

* They are drawn in half-length Ovals—the last of which was actually the only one left vacant, on the demise of Pius VI.—His Successor has already filled it up, and to avert the evil omen that three years since might have been supposed to threaten the extinction of the Papal Hierarchy, he has already employed a Painter to sketch another Row, and fill up the first angle immediately with his own Portrait—unwilling to rely upon the unbroken succession of the *Sacred College*.

made in 440, and the central Door, in bronze embossed with Bas Reliefs, was cast at Constantinople in 1070.

There was, in the Middle Ages, a covered Passage of a mile in length, from the Gate of Ostia, to the Cloisters of St. Paul; but it has been suffered to go to ruin since the antiquated Shrine has been almost forsaken for nearer or more recent Sanctuaries—San Carlo Borromeo or San Felipo Neri are now preferred by the Devout to St. Peter and St. Paul; who may be thought to have been so long in Heaven as to have forgotten their ancient partiality for the good People of Rome.

The Church of Santa Maria Maggiore was erected upon the foundations of a Temple

Temple of Juno Lucina, in the year 335 by a Roman Citizen to whom the Virgin appeared (says the Legend) and directed him to erect this Church to her honour —the outline of which she promised to mark the next day—the first of June (some say of August) by a Fall of Snow which should exactly cover the spot she designed for the Building.—

Several Paintings in the Church represent the Snow as falling accordingly: but whether it fell or not the Edifice was then built where it now stands, and inscribed, with primitive simplicity:

XYSTUS EPISCOPUS PLEBI DEI.*

Mosaic representations coeval with the miraculous period still existing over the Arch

* Sixtus bishop of the People of God.

Arch of the Tribune, imply the Corruptions of Christianity that had already obtained in the fourth Century.

They depict the adoration of the Virgin—the use of Images—the Sacrifice of the Mass—and other Innovations so suddenly introduced into the Christian Church.

This historical scenery is darkly represented with the concomitant barbarism of the decline of the Arts; and the dingy colouring is now so faded that an attentive Spectator might pass under the Arch itself without ever suspecting that he beheld the most ancient and most remarkable Monument of Christian History extant.—Since the innumerable Pieces of the *true* Cross—the Nails, or the Spear,

that

that pierced the Son of the Blessed—the Holy-Handkerchief that received the impression of his face, when he sweated drops of blood—the Pictures of the Virgin painted by St. Luke—the identical Heads of St. Peter and St. Paul—or the wooden Crucifixes that have bowed to the invocations of favoured Votaries—can only be contemplated by Protestants with that kind of admiration which is provoked by the boldness of Deception; and the credulity of Zeal.

Excepting this Arch and the Ionic Columns of the Nave—probably borrowed from the ancient Temple, little now remains of the original Edifice, which different Popes in distant ages have vied with each other to decorate, or to repair.

The double Portico at the east end is an elegant Specimen of Grecian Architecture, not long since erected.

The Ceiling of the Nave is flat and heavy, but its massy compartments are richly gilded—it is said with the first gold that was brought from South America. At the upper end opposite the High Altar, over which there is a superb Canopy, supported by Columns of gilt bronze, are two magnificent Chapels erected by the proud Pontiffs Sixtus V. and Paul V. who, while they were spending immense sums upon the completion of St. Peter's, built these two Mausoleums at a distance from the Vatican, that their Bones might lie in state, under the protection of the immaculate Virgin.

These

These beautiful Chapels are separated from the Nave by folding Grates of wrought iron. That of Sixtus is on the right. He appears on one side upon his knees in white marble surrounded with exquisite Bas Reliefs, representing the erection of falling Obelisks—the rearing of the Dome of St. Peter's—and other remarkable circumstances of his active Reign. The other side of the Chapel was by him gratefully devoted to St. Pius V. to whom he owed his Cardinal's Hat.

Pius is the last of their own order on whom the Popes of Rome have thought proper to bestow the honours of canonization, however liberally they continue to confer them upon others—Perhaps the *Holy Fathers* his Successors may have

have less deserved the distinction by acts of piety and devotion—yet the emaciated Figure of the last Papal Saint is here displayed among unsanctified representations of battles and sieges—of pillage and slaughter, as. the leading features of his *holy* Pontificate.*

The Borghese Chapel on the left is esteemed the finest in Rome. It is profusely ornamented with Painting and Statuary—Bas Reliefs and Stucco. The Altar, enriched with Agate and Oriental Jasper, over a Row of Candlesticks of massy silver, displays on solemn occasions upon a ground of Lapis-lazuli, a dingy Picture of the Virgin—for aught I know,

* I find from History that Pius V. assisted Charles IX. against his Protestant Subjects with an Army of 5000 Men, excommunicated Queen Elizabeth, and made war in conjunction with the Spaniards and Venetians against Selim then Emperor of the Turks.

I know, one of the many that were or were not painted by Luke the Evangelist. On one side of the Chapel is Paul in the attitude of prayer—On the other is his Successor, Clement VIII. the *peaceful* Prelate who took possession of Ferrara, at the head of twenty thousand Men—the last military exploit of the Prince-Bishop of the Roman See.*

The Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli was formed by Michael Angelo, at the command of Pius IV. out of the Pinacotheca of the Baths of Diocletian in honour of the forty thousand Christians who were employed in the Building, and afterward massacreed by the inhuman

* Traversing this Church my profane eyes glanced upon an inscription intended only for the Faithful. It was written over the door of the Vestry, and imported that whosoever should introduce a Woman into that sacred Inclosure should stand excommunicated *ipso facto*.

inhuman Tyrant in the last Persecution suffered by the Catholic Church—but a few years before Christianity was embraced by the Emperors of Rome.

It is two hundred feet long, and the Ceiling—a hundred high is still supported by eight blocks of granitello, in the shape of Columns, five feet diameter, and little less than fifty high.—The Entrance, a Rotunda, was one of the Caledariums, or Stews, belonging to the Baths.

This vast Edifice is little frequented, and the daily Mass is often mumbled over to an audience of one or two Persons—sometimes to the naked Walls, that re-echo the mysterious chant, in hollow murmurs.

The Church of the Holy Apostles was erected by Constantine, and rebuilt under the direction of Fontana—The Ceiling of the Nave represents the Apotheosis of St. Francis; and The Fall of the Angels is so boldly thrown over the Entablature of the Tribune that you are apprehensive at first blush for the safety of the Priest that officiates below.

Here are three rich and beautiful Chapels formed in the Arcades of the Side-Aisles. One of them is ceiled with gilt Stucco; and they are all encrusted with the richest marbles.

Over the Door of the Vestry is the Tomb of Clement XIV. one of the Masterpieces of Canova, in which the Sculptor has aptly placed the philosophic

phic Ganganelli, between expressive figures of Meekness and Temperance.

The Church of St. Ignatius, one of the finest in Rome, was built by Cardinal Ludovisi, the Nephew of Gregory XV.

The Ceiling of the Nave, sixty feet wide, and two hundred long, supported by Corinthian Pilasters, in coupled Rows, was painted by Father Pozzi, a brother of the Order, with the Apotheosis of St. Ignatius, from whose head issue rays of light, illuminating the four Quarters of the Globe. They are boldly personified, with their respective attributes, amidst Architectural perspectives; and accompanied with a blasphemous representation of the Elect, as rising up toward the Saint, who is surrounded with the Heavenly

venly Host; while the Reprobate are seen below, falling before him through the opening clouds.

Over the Tribune is a puerile perversion of the saying of St. Paul,

EGO VOBIS ROMÆ PROPITIUS ERO.*

This magnificent Edifice was intended to have had a Dome, which would have been second only to that of St. Peter's: But the Pontiff, and his Nephew, both dying before it could be raised, the centre of the Aisle is covered in at a vast height, with a flat Ceiling, painted blue; the Angles, however, of the intended

* I will be favourable to you Romans.

Cupola are richly adorned with bloody Stories characteristic of that domineering genius which eventually occasioned the Abolition of the Order, such as Judith with the head of Holofernes—Jael slaying Sisera, &c. &c.

One gladly turns from these disgusting Objects, on which the finest talents have been so often prostituted, to the splendid Altars of the Transept, the marble Frontispieces of each of which suitably fill a space sixty feet wide, and ninety or a hundred high.

They are both finished in the same style, I shall, therefore, only describe the finest. It is that to the right.

The

The Altar placed upon a broad basement of white marble is a Tomb encrusted with Lapis-lazuli; and richly gilt. The side of it is wrought in open work, and a lamp, burning within, glitters upon the gilding with brilliant effulgence.

Above is a superb Bas Relief by Le Gros, eight or ten feet wide, and twenty high. It represents San Luigi Gonzagua, ascending to Heaven, with a Jesuitical smile of spiritual pride and affected humility.

Two twisted Columns of the richest marble, projecting on each side obliquely from the wall, support over it, at a vast height, a marble Pediment. While on the Pavement stone Balustrades keep kneeling Devotees at a respectful distance,

tance, and marble Angels hold golden Lamps that glimmer day and night before the consecrated Shrine.

In a Side Chapel is the Tomb of Gregory, likewise by Le Gros, from which flying Angels withdraw a Curtain of Sicilian Jasper, and display the Pope sitting—in his Robes of State—a Bust of the Cardinal at his feet.

The Church of Jesu belonged to the same Order, before it was suppressed. It was built by Cardinal Farnese, upon a plan of Vignola.

The Frescos of the Nave and Cupola are beautiful and richly adorned with gilded pannels, but as the subjects are still Catholic Saints, and Jewish Heroines,

ines, I shall pass on to the Altar of St. Ignatius, the finest in Rome. It was erected upon the designs of the same Father Pozzi, at the end of the north Transept, in a space fifty feet wide, and seventy or eighty high.

The Altar, blazing with gold, and precious stones, is elevated upon an ample Platform, to which the Priest ascends by four or five broad steps of white marble, encircled by a sweeping Balustrade, which is surmounted by four Angels of gilt bronze, holding aloft lighted lamps.

Over it, in a Niche, encrusted with Lapis-lazuli, of the most vivid blue, was once a silver Statue of Ignatius, nine feet high, attended by three Angels of the

the same precious metal; and the habit of the *Saint* sparkled with precious stones: but all these valuables were swept away by the French, and a Curtain or a Picture now conceals the deficiency.

The coupled Columns which support the magnificent Pediment, shining with coloured Marbles, at a height of fifty feet, are of gilt bronze, fluted with Lapis-lazuli—the bases and capitals of Corinthian brass—and the broken Apex is filled with a presumptuous personification of the Majesty of Heaven, holding in his hand a Globe of Lapis-lazuli—the largest, and the purest, that ever was seen.

In the Angles of the wall below are splendid accompaniments of gilt bronze; and

and seven massy Candlesticks, upon the Altar, surmounted by the Cross, once glittered with burnished Gold.*

The

* From this splendid Church, one of the two or three dedicated at Rome to the name of Jesus, the famous—perhaps I should say the infamous Order of Jesuits took its denomination. It was given them by Cardinal Farnese, a Nephew of Paul III. by whose Bull the Order had been then lately created. Ignatius Loyola, the Founder of this imperious Order, was originally a profligate Officer, in the Spanish Service, which he quitted to devote himself to the Cloister, on being wounded at the Siege of Pampeluna in 1521. The gloomy Enthusiast obtained the Papal sanction for the Professors of his Rules in 1540, and he was eventually canonized at Rome in 1609. This celebrated Sect of the *Chiesa, Catolico, Apostolico, è Romano*, devoted itself to the Virgin, and undertook the education of Youth, to which circumstance is to be attributed the ascendancy attained by its Members in the Cabinets of Princes. The Fathers of the Order selected their Noviciates from the most promising Youths entrusted to their tuition—watched their opening faculties—and cultivated, instead of checking, the propensities of nature. By this means they had soon Professors fit for the most elevated Stations, and capable of undertaking, and fulfilling with success, the most secret Charge, and the most dangerous Mission. Incredible as it may appear in this philosophic Age, so *temperate* in Church Affairs, some gloomy Dispositions were regularly trained by these Ghostly Fathers to emulate the Crown, and to endure the sufferings, of Martyrdom. These hopeful Scyons were afterward planted in both the Indies, and at one time they had insinuated themselves into the jealous Court of China, and created an absolute dominion among the Savages of Paraguay—where they have been wittily said to have become themselves more than half Pagans, to make their wavering Proselytes less than half Christians.

The Church of Santa Maria in Vallicella was erected by Felipo Neri, afterward sainted by I know not what Pope, upon a design of Pietro da Cortona, who painted the Ceiling of the Nave, the Cupola, and the Tribune.

The rich little Chapel of San Felipo is on the left of the High Altar.—It is with difficulty the Curious can get within it, for the Crowd of Devotees with which it is always surrounded.—The Altar-

Christians. But their craftier Brethren, at home, contrived to sway the consciences, and direct the Councils, of all the Catholic Princes in Europe, without departing, in the least, from the rules of Canonical orthodoxy. Obedience was the Band of this imposing Order—Policy was its rule—and Courtesy no less a Badge of the modern Knights Errant of the Church than it had been of the antiquated Devotees of Chivalry. But the morals of this insinuating Order became at last so infamous, and their principles so detestable, that they were banished from one State after another, and finally abrogated by the Apostolic See, when the Papal Chair was filled by the enlightened Ganganelli. The education of the Catholic Youth then devolved upon the Dominicans, and the Churches of the Jesuits were given to other Fraternities.

Altar-Piece represents the Saint, drawn by Guido; and its polished walls, and gilded Ceiling, reflect the lights that are always blazing below.

Santa Maria sopra Minerva belongs to a Convent of Dominicans, and here it is that the Tribunal of the Inquisition, happily no longer dreaded in Italy, long held its diabolical inquest.

The Church is a Gothic Structure, and its long and gloomy Aisles exhibit nothing more remarkable than the amazing number of Altars and Chapels, founded or endowed, *in articulo mortis*, by the trembling Sinners who in the lapse of Ages have been interred at their feet—trusting to escape the vengeance

of Heaven by presenting themselves to Peter in the weeds of *St. Dominic.*

Some of these have been specially privileged by favouring Popes, and either here or elsewhere I have been shocked with the blasphemous inscription of

INDULGENTIA PLENARIA QUOTIDIANA PERPETUA PRO VIVIS ET DEFUNCTIS.*

and the insidious imposition of the Poor Box inscribed with

ELEMOSINA PER LA MADONNA.†

There is here however a Statue of the Saviour holding his Cross, by Michael Angelo

* Plenary indulgence, every day, forever, for the Living and the Dead.

† Alms for our Lady.

Angelo—but it owes its celebrity to the fame of the Sculptor; and the Tomb of a Pope, elegantly wrought by some later Artist.

In the Square before this Church is a small Egyptian Obelisk appositely elevated upon the back of a marble Elephant.

The Church of San Martino in Monte is erected over a Chamber of the Baths of Titus. In it Pope Silvester held a Council at which Constantine and his Mother, the Empress Helena, condescended to assist.

The present Edifice is as brilliant as a Ball Room—Marble Columns, with gilded Capitals, drawn from the Villa of Adrian, divide the Aisles—the Walls are covered

covered with Landscapes by the joint efforts of the two Poussins, one of whom painted the Scenery and the other the Figures—and the Tabernacle for the Host is a gilded Dome, supported by Pillars of African marble, and exhibited upon a lofty Altar, before a blaze of light.

On one side, a little Chapel, gay as the Church with glossy incrustations, presents an illuminated Altar, and a Picture of Purgatory—in which an Angel descending with his warrant in his hand [the consecrated Wafer] delivers one Soul at a time from the tormenting flames; which are heard to crackle in the candles burning on the Altar, to heighten the stage effect of this painted Tragedy—An unworthy misrepresentation of the doctrine of the atonement, which

which was made, *through the Eternal Spirit*, without the Gates of Jerusalem, when *by one Offering were perfected for-ever all them that are sanctified.*

San Carlo al Corso designed by Pietro da Cortona, is one of the most beautiful Edifices in Rome. The Front, rising upon a flight of steps which runs its whole length, is formed by four three-quarter Columns of the Corinthian Order, sixty feet high, surmounted by a rich Pediment, over which in a side view the well-proportioned Dome may be seen from the Street, supported by clustered Columns, and terminating in an open Lantern and a gilded spire.

The Aisles, the Dome, and the Choir are finely proportioned, and everywhere richly

richly ornamented with Corinthian sculpture, though it is here lavished with less profusion than is usual at Rome.

Where the Nave opens into the Dome, the eye is completely gratified with its aerial swell, lighted by eight or ten Windows, which glaze the clustered intercolumniations; and relieved by stuccoed roses terminating in an open Cupola.

On the right and left, at the terminations of the Transepts, are seen superb Frontispieces to the principal Altars, of the construction before described, but like the Body of this beautiful Church, less profusely, than elegantly adorned.

This elegant Structure being directly opposite to our Lodgings, I have sometimes

times got up before day to observe the effect of darkness upon its distinct proportions, when faintly dissipated by the glimmering tapers of the morning mass, which in the winter solstice is celebrated before day-light.

The Interior of San Luigi de Francisi is similarly distributed, and more richly adorned—But you are tired of Churches —So am I; and I would break off directly did not the matchless Frescos of San Carlo a Catenari imperiously demand description.

This beautiful Edifice is a Dome of fifty feet diameter, branching on four sides into the Recesses formed by a Greek Cross. It is supported by superb Pilasters of the Corinthian Order, with an

an Entablature of the richest sculpture, from which spring stuccoed Arches, the unity of whose majestic masses is no where disturbed by gilding.

In the four Angles of this charming Dome Domenichino has painted the Cardinal Virtues, with characteristic accompaniments. The Figures of Justice and Charity are peculiarly beautiful, and the colours of these exquisite performances seem endowed with indelible vividity: for they are as fresh as if laid on but yesterday, though they have not been painted less than two hundred years.

LETTER XV.

Palaces and Museums.

THE scite of the ancient Capitol is now occupied by the modern Town-House; but you still approach it by the long ascent that has been so often trod by the Senate and People of Rome, in the days of the Consuls and the Cæsars.

It had been inclosed with Porticoes by the Conscript Fathers, whose Generals conquered the World; and Nero, who never fought with any thing but Beasts, had vainly erected in its centre a triumphal Arch.

The venerable Area was surrounded with Temples of which the most ancient was that of Jupiter Feretrius, built by Romulus, in the infancy of the city; the most magnificent, that of Jupiter Capitolinus, erected by Tarquin the Superb.

In the latter were deposited the Spoils of conquered Nations, as offerings to the imaginary Deity, whose Statue was of solid gold.—

But Jupiter Capitolinus has long since given way to Maria d'Ara Cœli, though the Columns of the Temple still support the Nave of the Church.

Nothing else remains, of ancient dignity, upon this imperial eminence, the Temples

Temples of other Jupiters—of various Fortunes—of Egyptian gods, adopted by their superstitious Conquerors, having totally disappeared, with *the immobile Saxum* of the Capitol.

Thanks, however, to the Genius of Destruction, the Sculptures of Antiquity have been preserved, under protecting Ruins, daily to reward the industrious Antiquary with the discovery of precious Objects, among the accumulated rubbish of two thousand years, which covers the ancient surface, to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet.

A Statue of Tiberius was lately found at Piperno—another of Minerva has just been discovered at Veletri—and one of Antinous at Palestrina.

Two

Two Lionesses of Egyptian basaltes guard the ascent to the Capitol, and the headless Trunk of a Statue of porphyry, exquisitely draped, indicates alike the evanescency of Empire, and the perpetuity of Rome.

Two colossal Statues of Grecian sculpture—Castor and Pollux leading their Horses, ornament the top of the steps; and on a line with these, to the right and left, are Trophies taken from the Arch of Trajan; and ancient Mile-Stones, one of which was that which marked the first stage from the Forum Romanum toward the distant Provinces of Spain—of Britain—or of Egypt.

An equestrian Statue of Marcus Aurelius, in bronze, once gilt, now occupies

pies the centre of the Platform; and before the steps of the Senatorial Palace is a Sitting Figure of Rome Triumphant, supported by the Tyber and the Nile.

On the right is the Conservatory—on the left the Museum. Upon entering the former—within a gloomy Court, you again see a Roma Triumphans, attended by conquered Provinces—a Lion devouring a Horse—and two prodigious Heads, two feet, and one hand, of colossal Statues of Commodus and Domitian, mutilated by the People on the death of those inhuman Monsters.

Julius and Augustus occupy the Arcades, leading to the Stair-Case, at the foot of which is a Rostral Column, supplied by some modern Artist, to the original

ginal Inscription of that celebrated Pillar, from whose customary Orations popular Declaimers are still said to mount the Rostrum.—The landing-place is ornamented with superb Bas Reliefs preserved from the late dilapidation of an Arch of Antoninus Pius.

The official apartments are indifferently painted with Roman History, ancient and modern; but the side of one room is lined with the shattered Pannels of a Tabular List of the ancient Consuls; and its centre is occupied by the identical bronze Wolf that is said to have been struck with lightning at the Fall of Cæsar.

Here is also a Gallery of Paintings, but it has been so stripped by the French that

that little is left worth notice—Yet there remains a portrait of Guido, and another of Michael Angelo, painted by themselves, the features of which are strongly marked with their respective characteristics of gracefulness and sublimity.

In the Court of the Museum is the Statue on which were pasted the Replies of Marforio to the Interrogatories of Pasquin, in days when the repose of Power could only be disturbed by the sting of Ridicule.*

Under

* The story of Pasquin wearing a dirty shirt, because his Washerwoman had been made a Princess, by the elevation of Sixtus V. is too well known to be repeated: but when Clement XI. became the butt of satire, much better jokes were sported and forgotten—the shafts of wit fall blunted from a leaden shield.—Soon after the election of Clement, in the room of Innocent XI. whose arms were three pots, Pasquin was represented, bewailing himself, with a broken vase in his hand. Marforio asks what he is crying about, and Pasquin replies, "Come! non vuvi, che mi lagni, se per tre pile che havevo,

Under the Arcades is the Tomb of Severus and his Mother Mammea with their Effigies, in reclining postures; and on the Stair-Case are inserted in the Walls the mutilated fragments of a plan of ancient Rome that was found on the pavement of a Temple, when it was converted into a Church.

Here an infinity of Sculptures are arranged in different Apartments.

One of them contains Egyptian Idols more curious for the hardness of the materials in which they are wrought than

havevo, m'hanno dato un boccale!" [Dont you see that for three pots they've given me nothing but a cracked pitcher!] Clement gravely employing himself in regulating the canonical length of cassocks and periwigs, at a time when the Imperial Troops were preparing to enter Italy, Marforio asks Pasquin, *what he thinks of the Pope:* Pasquin replies, "Clemens Undecimus, Pontifex Maximus, in minimis—minimus in maximis." [Clement is great in little things—little in great ones.]

than for the truth of their forms, or the beauty of their features—the cheeks round and full, the lips thick, the mouth large—in short the African physiognomy; which, in the modern Negro, is stigmatized, by interested Prejudice, as the legible type of ignorance, and stupidity.

A Second constitutes a Receptacle for marble Sarcophaguses, embossed with the Games, or Customs of Antiquity, and the ambiguous emblems of Heathen Mythology.

A Third, exhibits Statues of bronze —of Parian marble—or of Egyptian stones of adamantine hardness.

A Fourth, contains Busts of Consuls and Emperors—Philosophers and He-

roes—Poets and Historians, of the flourishing periods of Greece and Rome; whose names are familiar to the Civilized World—after the lapse of twenty or thirty Centuries.

In the Wall of a Cabinet is preserved a Tablet of Mosaic work representing four Doves, sipping out of a bowl, as fresh as when it was described by Pliny as a Masterpiece, then existing, in the Villa of Adrian.

This art however has been improved by the Modern Romans, and I have myself a mosaic copy of the Four Doves, much better executed by an unknown Artist.

To describe all the Paintings, and the Sculptures—the Cameos and Intaglios—the Medals and the Precious Stones collected by the Nephews of Popes and Cardinals, and preserved in the Palaces of Rome, where they are readily exhibited to the curiosity of Strangers, would require additional volumes; notwithstanding the merciless Requisition of French rapacity, that swept away at once a hundred Statues—a hundred Bustos—a hundred Vases—and a hundred Pictures—together with Gems and Medals innumerable.

I shall therefore confine myself to the Principal Collections, and to the Principal Objects which they contain, excusing myself from noticing many others, though one of them may justly boast of a Madonna, painted by Guido—another of a Bust

Bust of Cicero—and another of that very Statue of Pompey at the foot of which Julius Cæsar wrapped himself in his mantle, and received twenty-five mortal wounds—saying "And thou too, Brutus!" when he perceived his own Son among the Assassins!

Others containing immense Collections of Pictures have alienated to the French the Portraits of Titian—the Venuses of Raphael—and the Madonnas of Guido or Corregio.

All, excepting only the Palazzo Doria, have exchanged for British Gold the Landscapes of Claude Lorraine, glowing with cerulean hues.

THE Palazzo Colonna belongs to one of the most ancient Families of Rome, and adulatory Genealogists have found, or sought to find, in their surname an allusion to the Pillars of Hercules, or the Columns of Trajan, the magnificent Monument that still rears its venerable head in the vicinity of their Palace.

Their wealth however, like that of all the other great Families of Rome, may be traced from the Papal Chair, though often by doubtful, or illegitimate, consanguinity, and Martin V. the Restorer of the Romish Hierarchy, after the long defection of Avignon, is the first Pope whose Nepotism endowed his Family with the title and the Revenue of Princes.

This

This Palace, like most of the Palaces in Italy, is built round a Court, with open Colonnades, in which the Owner may alight under cover, and ascend a marble Stair-Case to the Servants Hall, preceding the State Apartments, which are usually uninhabited—the Family residing in an Upper Story, or a distant Wing.

Its Gallery is the noblest in Rome, belonging to a Subject, being a Room of forty feet by a hundred and twenty, opening into a Pavilion at each end; one of which communicates with the Gardens, which are very extensive and laid out like those of all the Palaces upon the Continent, in that formal manner known in England by the style of William III.

The

The Ceiling is painted with the Victories of Marc Antony Colonna, the General of Paul V. over the Turks; and the Walls are adorned with the finest Productions of the Italian Pencil.

The first Pavilion is or was chiefly hung with Landscapes by Claude Lorraine, Gaspard Poussin, and Salvator Rosa. It also contains a Cabinet of precious stones, the door of which is embossed, in Ivory, with the Last Judgment of the Capella Sistina.

In the Gallery itself the multiplicity of Objects confuses my recollection, as I saw it but once, and I can only remember the distinct impression made by a half-length Portrait of Titian, in which an old Nobleman in his armed chair listens

tens with attention and complacency to a Young Amanuensis, who reads to him, standing, from a written Paper, with a captivating air of modesty and deference.

In one of the smaller apartments is a Magdalen of Guido, with dishevelled hair, and at the end of a Corridor either is or was the Belgic Column once placed in the Temple of Bellona.

The Palazzo Farnese, an immense hollow square, three stories high, is now chiefly remarkable for having been built by Michael Angelo, and painted by Annibal Caracci, as it is at present uninhabited and has been long stripped of the Flora —the Hercules—and the Tauro, those celebrated Sculptures that still bear the name of the Family, though the Heiress

of

of the House has dissolved it by an alliance with the King of the two Sicilies, who has conveyed every thing that was moveable to Naples.

Annibal spent the greatest part of his life in ornamenting the Gallery, and he is said to have died of mortification, on being inadequately rewarded by Cardinal Farnese.

The vaulted Ceiling is divided into seven square compartments, and eight Rounds, supported by Academic Figures, in all imaginable attitudes.

In the Compartments are represented the Triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne—Pan offering the wool of his Flocks to Diana—Paris receiving from Mercury

the golden apple—Aurora and Cephalus —Venus and Anchises—Hercules and Iole, with many other lascivious stories drawn from the Metamorphoses of Ovid, and other Fables of ancient Mythology.

The Palazzo Barberini, built by the Nephew of Urban VIII. is a prodigious Edifice containing a valuable Library and an immense Collection of Painting and Sculpture.

The Ceiling of the great Hall was painted by Pietro da Cortona with the Apotheosis of Urban, and in the apartments I particularly recollect two heads of Modesty and Vanity, drawn together, by Leonardo da Vinci—a whole-length Magdalen of Guido—and half-lengths of

of the four Evangelists by Guercino da Cento.

On the ground floor are several Rooms lined with Statuary, among which are Busts of Marius and Sylla—but the celebrated sleeping Faun from the Mausoleum of Adrian has been lately sold, or presented to the King of Spain.

The Palazzo Doria built, if I recollect right, under the patronage of Innocent X. [Pamfili] from whose Family it passed by marriage to the Dorias, fronts the Corso, and has been built with more attention to convenience than is usual in the Palaces of Italy.

Its Gallery runs round the four sides of a Square, near the entrance of which

is

is an aerial Claude—the finest now remaining in Rome—next to which a Landscape sketched by Domenichino grates the eye of the Connoisseur. There are several other Claudes in this Gallery, though none of them are so lightly touched by his magic hand—fine Portraits of Luther and Calvin, by Titian, &c. &c.

In one of the leading Apartments is a Head of Christ, crowned with thorns, and bearing the cross, with a look of patient suffering that I shall never forget. It was painted by Andrea Mantegna, the Master of Michael Angelo.

The Palazzo Braschi, the last Palace built in Rome, and indeed not yet finished, though it has been in hand ever since

since the beginning of the pontificate of Pius VI. is built on one side of the Piazza Navona, in the centre of modern Rome.

Here the Nephew of the late Pope—immured in a corner of the unfinished Pile, now spends with profusion, what had been gained by rapacity, in decorating with all the elegancies of Painting and Sculpture, a Palace he can himself hardly ever expect to inhabit.

The Great Stair-Case however is now nearly finished, and is probably the most expensive and magnificent apartment of the size that ever was adorned with the perfections of Art.

It is thirty feet by forty, and ninety high.

Over the great doors, on the ground floor, are Bustos of ancient Philosophers. The steps are of white marble, ten feet long, and balustraded with iron, elegantly wrought. Every flight is supported by Columns of Egyptian granite, and every half pace is adorned with an antique Statue in a circular niche.

The Gallery displays two Doors of mahogany, encased with marble, surmounted with Bas-Reliefs, and separated by an intermediate Statue.

Arches springing from the Columns, form compartments stuccoed in the newest taste, and the ceiling, elegantly ribbed

bed and figured, terminates in an ample sky-light.

The Palazzo Borghese, the costly monument of the nepotism of Paul V. now contains but few Paintings worth notice, though many pieces in this still ample Collection are by the first names in the annals of the Schools.

But the Casino or Villa of the same Family, without the Porta del Popolo, still remains a perfect mass of ancient and modern Sculpture.

The front of this Building is covered with Bas-Reliefs, distributed in the form of pannels, above, below, and between the windows; and the Portico is peopled with Busts and Statues.

In

In the Hall are Busts of the Twelve Cæsars, and an equestrian Statue of Curtius, leaping into the gulph.

In other apartments are seen the Hermaphrodite of obscene celebrity—the Fighting Gladiator by an Ephesian Sculptor—thought to be the finest Statue now remaining in Rome—a Groupe of sleeping Boys by Algardi—and David with the sling and stone with which he smote Goliah, I think the Master-piece of Bernini's chisel.

In the Gardens of this Palace the Italian honeysuckle retains its verdure, through the winter, and the single gilly-flower and the multiform ranunculuses blossom throughout the year.

The Palazzo Madama is now only remarkable for having been erected by Catharine de Medicis before she was married to Henry III. of France, with a Façade of uncommon elegance.

In the Villa Aldobrandini is preserved an antique Fresco found in the Baths of Titus.

It represents a Roman Marriage in the same Bas-Relief style in which all the antique Paintings yet found exhibit figures --with little attention to grouping or perspective, though with a perfection of form and drapery apparently copied from the finished works of contemporary Sculptors—None of them give a high idea of the progress of Painting among the Ancients.

In the Casino Farnesina, on the right bank of the Tyber, erected by Augustine Chigi, a famous Banker in the time of Leo X. and afterward purchased by the Farnese Family, is an oblong Saloon on the Ceiling of which is represented the Fable of Cupid and Psyche, in different compartments, separated by rich garlands of fruit and flowers, designed by Raphael, and painted by his Scholars.

In an adjoining Apartment is the Galatea of the same inimitable Master, painted by his own hand.

Arrayed in flowing vestments, the imaginary Deity seems to tread on air, in a Scollop Shell drawn by Dolphins, and surrounded by Nereids and Tritons blowing

ing conch shells, and sporting with the waves.

In one of the Angles of the same Apartment is a colossal Head roughly drawn with charcoal, which Tradition declares to have been sketched by Michael Angelo.

In the Palazzo Costaguti are six painted Ceilings, two of which are strikingly fine. One of them by Guercino exhibits Rinaldo in the Car of Armida, drawn through the air by winged Dragons—the other, Apollo in the Chariot of the Sun, by Domenichino.

In the Gardens of the Palazzo Rospigliosi, on the Ceiling of an oblong Pavilion,

Pavilion, is the Aurora of Guido—one of the finest Frescos in the world.

At the moment of sun-rise, Apollo, seated in his Car, drawn by four Horses, and surrounded by the dancing Hours, in attitudes of graceful rapidity, begins his brilliant career—Lucifer flies before him, with an expiring light, and Flora, hovering round the mystic Circle, scatters opening flowers upon the morning air.

In the Villa Ludovisi, within the Pincian Gate, is another sublime effort of Genius, upon the same subject, though this is day-break, a moment better adapted to the strong shades of Guercino.

Aurora,

Aurora, in a Car, drawn through the clouds by pied Horses, scatters flowers upon the earth, and before her fly the Stars of Night; while, in semicircular compartments—behind her, a Woman watches a sleeping Boy, over a midnight lamp, and before her the Son of the Morning extinguishes his torch, and shakes his wings for flight.

LETTER XVI.

General View of Rome from the Janiculine Mount.

THREE things, said a Latin Father of the Fourth Century, I could wish to have seen,

*Christum in carne; Paulum in ore; et Romam in flore.**

The last of these three wishes was enjoyed in perfection by the Poet Martial from his commanding Villa, which was situated on this very Mount: *Hic*, says the satirist, in his Epigrams,

Hic

* Christ in the flesh; the face of St. Paul; and Rome in its glory.

Hic septem dominos videre montes,
Et totam licet æstimare Romam,
Albanos quoque, Tusculosque, colles;

and *here still* (after a thousand years have rolled into Eternity)

O'er Rome's sev'n Hills th' admiring Eye may stray,
Albano too, and Tusculum, survey.

The mass of a Temple whose walls are twenty feet thick—the circuit of an Amphitheatre that could receive thirty thousand, or eighty thousand Spectators; for such is the difference of computation allowed by its ample scope—or the extent of Imperial Baths spread out, like so many cities, into Halls, and Galleries, Courts, Porticoes, and Squares, may well excite astonishment in the Native of a Country

a Country that is scarcely disencumbered of the forests with which it had been covered by the hand of Nature—the Buildings of whose Towns have not yet exceeded the proportions of necessity or convenience.

One who had been accustomed from childhood to venerate the antiquities it afforded of the Age of Winthrop, of Calvert, or of Penn—the perishable materials of which are already crumbling into dust, may be allowed to contemplate with reverence Inscriptions which have been read by a hundred Generations; and Sculptures of brass or marble, in which the serenity of Augustus—nay the smiles of the Minion of Adrian, are still undisturbed—in which the sterner features of Caius Marius—of the elder,

or

or the younger, Brutus, may frown, forever, upon the Enemies of Rome.

* * *

From the summit of the Mons Janiculus, on the west side of the Tyber, abruptly rising over the Seven Hills of the Imperial City—the Mount of the Vatican—and the Plain of Transtevere, we may take a general view of Churches, and Temples—Fountains, and Aqueducts—Convents, and Theatres—Palaces, and Tombs—linking together, in brass and marble, the Ancient, and the Modern World.

Here an Obelisk, transported from Africa, by a Roman Emperor, preserves,

in forgotten hieroglyphics, the learning of the Ancient Egyptians, engraved upon a mass of granite whose incredible dimensions bespeak the grandeur of Memphis, or of Thebes, no less than *the* Pyramids of the Nile.—

There an Arch exhibits the spoils of the Temple of Jerusalem, embossed on marble, by the Conqueror of Judea, as if on purpose to remain for an indisputable memorial of Sacred History; in conjunction with the unaccountable existence of the Jews, to manifest the accomplishment of Hebrew Prophecy, in *the destruction of the Holy City*, and *the dispersion of the Chosen People*.—

Every-

Everywhere the shattered columns of innumerable Temples, in some of which ebriety, in others prostitution, were acknowledged rites, whilst in more than one of them imaginary malevolence was vainly deprecated by human sacrifices, recall the absurdities of Heathen Mythology, which impiously imagined

Gods faithless, vicious, cruel, and unjust,
*Whose attributes were rage, revenge, and lust.**

Here and there the crumbling walls of Theatres where Gladiators were fed to bleed freely, and taught to die gracefully, for the amusement of unfeeling Spectators, Women as well as Men, silently demonstrate how much the Civilized World has gained by the introduction of Christianity, obscured as it still is by Traditional

* Pope.

Traditional superstitions and National Wars.*

Heathen Temples dedicated to Christian Saints, and the Statues of the Apostles, elevated upon the Columns of the Emperors, indicate the triumph of Christianity over Pagan Rome; although the Successors of the Martyrs, adopted Heathen rites, and ingrafted profane ceremonies upon the simplicity of Christian worship.†

The

* At the savage exhibition of these infernal orgies (the Barbarians of America will discredit my veracity, should the story be related around some Council fire) an honorable place was allotted for the Vestal Virgins—the Priestesses of Heathen purity—devoted to perpetual virginity, under pain of being buried alive.

† Upon the Esquiline Hill, the Roman Matrons had been accustomed to solicit the favourable auspices of Juno Lucina—Catholic Wives expect the same assistance from Santa Maria Maggiore, whose magnificent Church now occupies the site, and inherits the privileges of the abdicated Temple. At the altar of Romulus and Remus, Mothers presented their Children, when they were affected with obstinate diseases; and to this day, in desperate cases, Infants are carried to the very same Edifice, for the intercession of St. Theodore.

"The Statues of Heroes," says a Clerical Tourist, "were converted into those of Saints, still to receive adoration, and to preside at consecrated altars. Those who entered the Church, like those who entered the Temple, sprinkled themselves with lustral water—inhaled perfumed incense—beheld the lighted taper —and hung up the votive tablet."*

A defection, however unlikely in the days of St. Paul, yet by him expressly predicted:

The day of Christ shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and the

* At the entrance of the Via Sacra, Esculapius is turned into St. Bartholomew, and at St. Agnes *fuori della porta* a Statue of Diana is still venerated under the name of the Saint.

the Man of Sin be revealed—the Son of Perdition.

* * *

UNDER the shade of the Fontana Paulina, upon the summit of the Mons Janiculus, whilst, on the right, the setting sun gilds anew the fretted vaults of the Temple of Peace, and illumines, with a golden gloom, the broken Rotundas of the Palace of the Cæsars, and the crumbling Monuments of the Appian Way; at the same moment gaily glittering on the left upon the Domes and Turrets of Modern Rome; let us take a general view of the rival Structures of Imperial and Pontifical Magnificence.

Immediately

Immediately below us, on the left, is the Dome of St. Peter's, soaring above its Colonnades—its Fountains—and its Obelisk. Beyond it are the Courts and Galleries of the Vatican—and before it, at a respectful distance, is the swelling Tower of St. Angelo—surmounted by a flying Angel, with a flaming sword.

There, a Bridge crosses the Tyber, adorned with Statues; and the venerable River is seen to wind, on either side, between Domes, and Palaces—Ruins, and Vineyards, till it reaches the antiquated Walls; which present the Towers of seventeen Gates, and inclose a circumference of thirteen miles. They were erected by Aurelian, two hundred and

and seventy years after Christ, and have been ever since kept in repair by the Princely Successors of the Fisherman of Galilee.

Without the Walls are seen solitary Churches, particularly that of St. Paul, far to the right. They were once in the heart of populous Suburbs, that surrounded on all sides the Imperial City.

Further on are shapeless Ruins, standing in a barren desert, that extends, fifteen or twenty miles, to the foot of distant hills; upon which may be faintly discerned Albano, Tivoli, and the ancient Tusculum, founded, says Tradition, by Telemachus, the Son of Ulysses, and

and, in after times, the birth-place of Cato the Censor, and the retreat of Cicero.

* * *

Among the crowd of nearer objects, in front, the sight is arrested by the globular roof of the Pantheon, rising into view, like the side of a hill.

Near it are seen the Solar Obelisk of Augustus, restored by the late Pope (it once shewed the hours of the day, by its shadow falling upon lines of brass) and the Column of Antonine, that still occupies the spot on which it was placed by Marcus Aurelius.

Further on is the Column of Trajan.

Above it, on the Quirinal hill, is the summer Palace of the Popes, and the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore.

To the right lies the Capitol, now a Modern Town-House.

Behind it is the Forum Romanum, surrounded by the broken Porticoes of Temples—the falling Arcades of the Palace of the Cæsars—and the sunken Arches through which the insulted dignity of Captive Monarchs was led, in chains, to swell the triumph of returning Conquerors.—A practice that would have been more suitably accompanied by the war-whoop of Canadian Savages, than by the *clangor tubarum* of civilized Rome. Even Queens were not exempted from this barbarous usage. It was

suffered

suffered by a Parthian Princess, the splendour of whose Court is still attested by the Ruins of Palmyra (supposed the *Tadmor of the Wilderness*) and the last Descendant of the Egyptian Ptolemies only escaped the insupportable indignity by a voluntary death.

Beyond them are seen the sweeping stories of the Coliseum—one of its ample sides frowning, in naked majesty, over the dilapidated ruins of the other.

Further on are the Turrets of St. John de Lateran, with the gigantic Obelisk by which they are overlooked.

Not far distant is the pyramidal Tomb of Caius Cestius—at the foot of which Protestants,

Protestants, who die at Rome, are permitted to repose in peace.

To the right we look down upon the multifarious departments of the Baths of Caracalla (the Caracul of Ossian—*king of the World)* extending over whole acres of ground, in undistinguishable ruin.

Without the Gate of St. Sebastian, anciently the Portus Capenus, the Appian way may be traced for miles, by double rows of crumbling Monuments—like a funeral Procession, attending the obsequies of Imperial Rome.

All is now silent and solitary where the pavement once "resounded to the "hasty hoofs of the Harbingers of com-"mand,

" mand, and the Messengers of Victory,
" encountering each other from the re-
" motest parts of the earth."*

Further on are seen, diverging from their centre, the interrupted chains of broken Aqueducts, stretching with gigantic strides, as far as the eye can reach, across the desolated plain.

* * *

Methinks I see the venerable Shades of Roman virtue, hovering over the scenes of their patriotic devotion.—The unconquerable Captive, who, in those very fields below me, thrust his hand into

* Gibbon.

into the flames to defy the impotence of Victory.—The inflexible Judge who pronounced sentence without faultering, upon his offending Sons.—The dauntless Knight who, singly, defended yonder broken Bridge against an invading Army.—The generous Citizen who leaped into a bursting gulph, to save his Country, in the area which is now surrounded by yon mouldering ruins.—The voluntary Hostage who returned to Carthage, through yonder streets—to devote his life, where he had pledged his honour. —The relenting Conqueror, who suffered himself to be vanquished without those Gates, at the head of a victorious Army, by the intercession of a Roman Matron.

But

But before all the Valeriuses, the Catos, and the Scipios, whose crumbling tombs may still be traced around me, let me behold the disinterested Patriot, who repeatedly descended from the Curule Chair, to dress again the neglected fields of his humble patrimony—at the foot of yonder hills.

The example of Cincinnatus—after a lapse of Ages, has been revived—or exceeded, amid the Forests of America, by the unassuming Cultivator of the Banks of the Patowmak.—Washington (like the Roman Sage) too rich in himself to be seduced by wealth, or honours, to forsake the calm enjoyments of domestic life, obeyed—again—and again the summons of his Country, to devote himself to the emergencies of the State.

Mankind

Mankind, I trust, will, one day, become wise enough to transfer their admiration from their Conquerors to their Benefactors—The virtues of Washington, and Cincinnatus, will then efface the Victories of Bonaparte, and Alexander; and the modest mantle of Republican simplicity will eclipse the frippery of Imperial robes.

* * *

The little Rotunda that appears upon the right, behind those pointed roofs, marks the very spot where the new-born Infants, Romulus and Remus, exposed upon the Tyber, by the command of Amulius, were found, and fostered, by a neighbouring Shepherd.

Its

Its impenetrable cope has successively protected a Temple, and a Church; and Tradition, pointing to the solid sphere, has told the story of the suckling Wolf to a hundred Generations, that have fallen around it like the leaves of Autumn, scattered by the blasts of Winter.

* * * *

WITHIN yon shapeless mass of Roman brick that can scarcely be discerned, on the left, amidst clustering battlements, were deposited the remains of *Cæsar Augustus*—the same that at the birth, auspicious, of the Babe of Bethlehem, *had sent forth a decree, that all the World should be taxed.*

It was once a pompous Mausoleum—surrounded by alleys of evergreens, and

distinguished by Obelisks of granite, whose solid masses promised to illustrate it forever.

But the groves have been supplanted by Plebeian hovels; and the Obelisks themselves, after having been overturned, and buried in the dust, have been removed to other Courts, to gratify the pride of other Princes.

Somewhere hereabout were the Gardens of Lucullus, and somewhere there was the Palace of Mecænas, where Virgil may have penned his Æneid, or Horace pointed his Satires, speculating at their ease upon life and manners, under the convenient patronage of the Rich and Great.

Yon insignificant Turret disguises the spot where Cato reasoned, and Cicero declaimed, in the venerable audience of the Conscript Fathers of Imperial Rome.

* * *

In the same direction (though not within sight) are the remains of *Appii-Forum*, and the reputed ruins of *the Three Taverns*, where *the Brethren of Rome* met St. Paul, on his arrival from Judea: "whom, when Paul saw," says the Author of the Acts of the Apostles, "he thanked God, and took courage."

Below us is the very street in which the eloquent Apostle of the Gentiles, *having appealed to Cæsar, dwelt two whole years, in his own hired House, and received*

received all that came in unto him—preaching the Kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence—no man forbidding him.

It was there that, *being rejected by the Chief of the Jews,—though bound for the hope of Israel,* he prophetically declared *the salvation of God was sent unto the Gentiles; and that they would hear it.*—A prediction which was marvellously fulfilled upon this very spot; though ten Persecutions afterward oppressed the Church.

* * *

Just below me, on the right, is the roof of Santa Maria in Transtevere—a Church

Church that was built in the year 222, and dedicated by Calixtus, then Bishop of Rome, to the Virgin Mary.

It marks, I believe, the first palpable departure from Primitive purity, in point of worship; though professing Christians had long before enlisted in the Roman Legions—ingloriously deserting the banner of the Prince of Peace.

* * *

Around me I can still trace several Monuments of the piety—perhaps the policy, of Constantine; when Christianity became the predominating religion of the Empire.

Those

Those fields upon my left were the scene of the pretended Vision of the Cross, on the strength of which the first Christian Emperor actually gained a Victory over his Rival Maxentius, who perished in the Tyber, below yon distant Bridge.

Within the next three centuries were instituted some of the eighty, or a hundred, Convents, that might be counted from where I stand; in which numerous Fraternities of devoted Regulars have dozed away their useless lives, in unbroken succession, for a thousand years.

* * *

From the Courts of the Vatican, on my left, issued for Ages, the Papal Bulls,

Bulls, which could dissolve private obligation, and dispense with public allegiance; until the Princes of Christendom were taught, by the Harbingers of Reformation, to dispute the supremacy, and to doubt the infallibility, of the supposed Vicar of Christ.—

The everlasting High-Priest of the Christian Dispensation, far from appointing a lordly Successor, to rule over his Flock, expressly abolished the Levitical Priesthood, *that he might teach his People himself;* and commanded his immediate Followers, "Be not ye called Rabbi: for one is your Master; even Christ, —and all ye are Brethren."

Yon gloomy Turret betrays the Dominican Cloister, in which the Tribunal of the

the Inquisition long strove, in vain, to stifle the vigorous birth of Heaven-born Truth.

* * *

In the Plain upon our right, two centuries before Augustus, encamped the veteran Hannibal, after he had thrice defeated the Roman Consuls, and Dictators; in a toilsome march from the Straits of Gibraltar, through Spain, France, and Italy; across the Alps, and the Appenines.

Yet while, at one Gate, lay the victorious Carthaginian, the imperturbable Senate sent off Recruits, by another, to the Army in Spain.—

But

But below me (behind the Palace, or the Castle) is a modern Postern, through which General Berthier, having encamped his forces on the Monte Mario, penetrated the Papal Citadel, and ascended, without striking a blow, the Capitol of the Cæsars.

Such was, and such is, Rome—alike in the tropes of Cicero, and the figures of Gibbon, *the Citadel of Nations*, and *the Metropolis of the Globe—the Eternal City*, that survived the Empire of the World, to establish a new dominion over the Nations of the Earth.

LETTER XVII.

Sketches of Life and Manners.

THE Italian Populace is everywhere idle, rude, and noisy.—In Rome itself, the meanest of the People make way for Nobody, and as they stand chattering upon the narrow footways (*where* there happens to be any) will oblige the genteelest Passengers to turn into the street—nay, retort upon them, with insolence, if requested to give way, even to a Lady.

Yet, in polite address, the French and English second person plural, and the German third, are in Italy sublimely refined

refined into the feminine gender, and Sir John Brute is struck dumb, on his arrival at Rome, to hear himself ceremoniously announced as "sua Excellenza."

A common Tradesman is designated, in writing, with "Illustrissime, Signor, Signor;" and the usual form of subscription to a letter of business is, "Your Slave;" that of *most humble Servant* not being quite abject enough for Italian self-abasement.

The Nobility are Princes—their houses are Palaces—their Sons are Cæsars, and Scipios—nay their Cooks are "Ministra della Cucina," and their Scullions are "della Famiglia" of such or such a Grandee.

In

In Rome idle Beggars will stretch themselves quite across the Pavement and force all that pass by to turn out into the mud, or step over their extended limbs—nauseous with real or pretended ulcers.

In the Porticos of frequented Churches lazy Raggamuffins will sun themselves upon the steps, and pick vermin from their bodies—in a manner that decency forbids me to describe.

The Market Place—a large oblong square, ornamented with sculptured Fountains, under the elegant appellation of Piazza Navona, exhibits twice a week, an unparalleled scene of uproar and confusion.

Imagine

Imagine the hubbub of ten thousand voices—rough with the jargon of a dozen dialects, and hoarse with incessant outcry, opening at once upon the turn of a corner.

A Philadelphian would think there was a fire, and that every Man was calling upon his Neighbour to help put it out —No such matter—they are only endeavouring to cheat one another in counting cabbages, or measuring potatoes.

In this interesting operation the Buyer struggles for over-measure, and the Seller shuffles off under-weight, with deafening vociferation.

This *amicable* mode of interchanging the commodities of life so frequently extends

tends to blows, and would otherwise terminate in pitched battles, that a File of Soldiers squeezes, to and fro, among the Crowd, with shouldered firelocks, to keep the Citizens and the Country People from falling together by the ears.

In the Corso itself—the chief street of Rome, lined as it is with Churches and Palaces, we are stunned every morning, by day-break, with the shrill cries of those who sell fried minews or roasted chesnuts, the price of which I shall never forget, for my ears ring with the discordant sounds of

Quattro Baiocc! Quattro Baiocc! Quattro Baiocc!

We learn to count Italian, whether we will or no, from a Butchers Stall, just

just under our windows, where we overhear continually an idle custom, I believe peculiar to these noisy People, of counting aloud every penny of change—one by one.

For instance, Beef is fourpence a pound, and supposing a slip-shod Slattern (for such is the appearance of low life in Italy) has bought a pound and a quarter, she will be sure to count out her broad copper Baioccs,

Uno! due! tre! quattro! chinque!

in the tones of a Bell-man, or a Ballad-Singer.

The Italians still estimate the beginning of the day from the end of it, and count

count the circling hours from sunset to four and twenty. At noon, accordingly, in the Summer solstice, the clock strikes sixteen—in the winter, nineteen; and as the increase or decrease is often several minutes in a day, the town-clocks are hardly ever right, they being only corrected as often as this difference amounts to a quarter of an hour. Thus, for instance, you are gravely advertised by the almanack, that from the 16th. of February till the 24th. it will be noon at a quarter past eighteen; but that on the 24th. it will be noon at eighteen o'clock, precisely, and so continue till the 6th. of March.

The Beggars seldom turn out to earn their daily bread till toward noon, when they begin to be hungry, and then you are occasionally serenaded with loud and continual

continual moans, most probably from some Impostor more shameless than ordinary, who will exhibit an appearance of accident or disease too shocking to be examined, from which those who choose to drop any thing into his hat turn away their eyes, and those who do not are fain to cross over the way, or turn about and take up the next street.

This however is too great an exertion to be continued long, and too bold an imposition to be suffered twice in the same place—a silent display of palpable wretchedness is much more frequent, like that of Lazarus at the door of Dives.

Of such there were several in my daily walks, whose well-known stations I always avoided by going about—if I

had it not in my power to deal out to them the customary tribute: for one must be loaded with pence at Rome, as well as at London, to satisfy all the Beggars one meets.

When I first arrived at Rome I resolved to give nothing to any of the Tribe, whose age, or decrepitude, did not interest my feelings; but this resolution cost me more than I gained by it; and I am convinced I should have done better to have taken the opposite extreme, and kept my pocket ready for every Applicant as the cheapest way to get rid of them.

But, for my life, I could not help being scrupulous of supporting such worthlessness; and my *English* temper was

besides

besides unwilling to yield to irritating importunacy—especially in the Churches, where it provoked me beyond measure to see them disturb People at their devotions.

I once saw a dirty Sibyl persecute by turns a whole string of kneeling Nuns, whispering their orisons, two and two, before an altar; till she drove them all away, and then turned round to me —you may be sure for a frowning reprimand.

Another time while I was sitting, in the dusk of the evening, at the foot of the Statue of St. Andrew, that occupies the hollow face of one of the Pillars that support the Dome of St. Peter's—contemplating with renewed astonishment

the

the unparalleled magnificence with which I was surrounded, two French Soldiers suddenly advanced from the Nave—cast their eyes into the air, and walking round to where I sat asked me in respectful tones "Est ce donc ici, Monsieur, la Coupole dont on parle tant?"* They were pursued by a ragged Slattern, as keen as a hawk, pestering them for charity, and though they assured her, with all the elegance and urbanity that pervades every rank in France (except the Peasants in their provincial Patois) that they had no money to give, she followed them with increasing importunity as far as I could see them.

Besides occasional Collectors at St. Peter's, one old Woman had a stationary abode

* Is this the Dome of which so much is said, sir?

abode in a corner of the Tribune, where she levied a tax upon all that ventured to ascend it; and another, at a distance far beyond the sphere of her influence, got a living by holding up the curtain of a door, whenever she saw any body going out that was likely to reward the service.

At first I flouted them both—determined to enforce obedience to the law I had prescribed myself "Give nothing to such a worthless Crew." But it was not a law like those of the Medes and Persians, and on future visits I learned to put my hand in my pocket, with a good grace, and pay, without murmuring, the customary tribute, for the privilege of enjoying myself in peace and quiet.

Every

Every good Catholic seems to hold Beggars sacred, as the East Indians are said to venerate their crazy Santos.

I soon found that Nobody repelled their importunities but myself—Nay, that if they asked alms in the name of the Virgin "Per la Madonna Santissima," or any favourite Saint, such as St. Joseph (the betrothed Husband of the Virgin Mother whose merits are overlooked by us graceless Protestants) St. Francis de Sales, or St. Anthony of Padua, a good Catholic would lift one hand to his hat, though he should not put the other in his pocket.

I must certainly pass for an Arch-Heretic, in the Streets of Rome, notwithstanding my devout attendance at St.

St. Peter's: for I often refuse importunate Beggars, without minding what Saint they invoke—Yet my credit may be sometimes, locally, restored when a decrepid Old Woman kneels before the next Madonna, and prays for the Soul of the Stranger, that has put into her palsied hand a Paul or a Scudi.

Their usual resource of the Convents has been cut off, ever since the French Revolution, but they still hold every Devotee under a contribution, which they levy with inexorable strictness, on the day of his tutelar Saint; and you often see them running in Crowds from house to house, and demanding their money, as confidently as if they were suing for a debt.

Perhaps

Perhaps indeed they may be thought to earn the gratuity, by a Pater Noster or an Ave Maria, which the Beggar is always expected to say for the Soul's health of his Benefactor: An additional reason for *giving to all that ask*, as however little the slender faith of a Protestant may be disposed to rely for salvation upon the prayers of another, what Sectarian would suffer himself to be suspected of heresy or atheism, in the sight of the hereditary Representatives of the Primitive Church, when such a trifle would make him pass for a true Believer.

The Nobility of Rome (for there is no social gradation in Italy comparable to that of Gentry, in England, which, admitting Scientific and Commercial pursuits, embraces almost exclusively the useful and the agreeable of Life) were never

never remarkable for attention to Strangers, indeed the very construction of a Roman Palace almost precludes the enjoyment of social intercourse, and the exercise of domestic hospitality.

Their Family accommodations are inconvenient, and remote, and the State Apartments of their Palaces, or rather Museums of Painting and Sculpture, are only adapted for the gratification of curiosity, or the fluttering circulation of a hundred Butterflies at a time, through the prolonged chain of Antichambers, Saloons, and Drawing Rooms, at a Conversazione—or an Entertainment.

Their little curiosity, and less exertion (since the fraternal embraces of the French Revolutionists have squeezed

their purses) has shut most of them up within their Palaces, where they can avoid all expenses but those of equipage and attendance, contenting themselves with the occasional display of an old-fashioned Coach and Six, rattling across the ring of the Corso, with half a dozen Attendants.

The Right Honourable practice (however inconsistent with the duty of public worship indispensible to humbler Christians) that allows the indulgence of a private Chapel, or a Domestic Chaplain, whether by a license from the Pope of Rome, or the Archbishop of Canterbury, sheds convenient obscurity upon the idleness, or inattention, of private service.

At Rome, as well as at London, the Nobility are rarely seen at Church. Indeed throughout Europe, the public practice of the duties of Religion—at least according to the National Establishments, is everywhere left to the decent attention of the middling, and the zealous fervor of the lower Classes of Society.

I have however seen a Roman Prince stop his Chariot, in the dusk of the evening, upon the bridge of St. Angelo, and kneel down in the dirt before a brazen image—A beggar was soon at his side; and as his Highness rose from his knees, he handed a Baiocc to the kneeling Suppliant—pleased with the opportunity of discharging at once the irksome

irksome obligations of penitence and charity.

Before the Revolution, the Cardinal de Bernis, so justly celebrated by grateful Travellers, for his liberal hospitality, and polite attention to Strangers, prided himself upon reflecting the Splendour of his Court; whose ample allowance to its Ambassadors (together with the perquisites of Cardinal Protector to the Gallican Church) enabled the courtly Prelate to maintain at Rome the munificence of a Prince. His Eminence used to say, with characteristic gayety, "Je tiens "l'Hôtel de la France, au Carrefour de "l'Europe."*

In

* I keep the French Hotel, at the Cross-Roads of Europe.

In 1769 (if I recollect right) when the Emperor Joseph visited Cardinal Albani, at his celebrated Villa near the Porta Pinciana, the astonished Prince praised it so excessively, that the Cardinal could do no less, than *beseech his maiesty to accept of the trifling Bauble.* The extravagance of Roman generosity at first embarrassed the titular king of the Romans; but recollecting himself, with magnanimity, Joseph II. restored the princely donation, to the venerable Priest, with the Royal compliment that *he was not rich enough to make a suitable return.*

The general idleness of the People of Rome is provoking as well as contemptible to Strangers.—If you stop to look

at

at any thing, others will stop to look at you.—If you cheapen a Print or a Medal (an indispensible operation in buying any thing upon the Continent of Europe, however disagreeable to the feelings of an American) a dozen Idlers will be sure to look on till the conclusion of the bargain—perhaps to satisfy their impertinent curiosity by minutely examining the object of your fancy.

The Romans themselves think it a recommendation to a Tradesman, or Confident, to be a Foreigner; and even the Members of the *Sacred College*, are rarely natives of Rome.

The few manufactories of Mercery, or Hard-Ware, are so coarsely finished that those

those of France or England are decidedly preferred.—The Art of Painting has been again lost at Rome, notwithstanding the pompous apparatus of the Schools of the Conservatory, and the examples of anterior perfection.—Only in Music—in Statuary—and in Mosaic work do they maintain the proud superiority of the Roman name, though Engravings—Cameos—and Intaglios are still well done at Rome.

Perhaps these circumstances may be traced from physical causes, the gradual progress of Sculpture indispensibly requiring a patient and steady hand.—My own acquaintance with Statuaries, chiefly in Italy, confirms the observation —To a man I have found them mild and tranquil—

tranquil—no less regular in their motions than steady in their pursuits.

There is certainly something enervating in the general mildness and occasional heat of the climate of Italy, notwithstanding the enterprising character of the ancient Romans. But it has materially changed since their day, for we learn from Horace that in his time the Streets of Rome were filled during Winter with ice and snow; and it appears from the Odes of Juvenal that it was nothing uncommon to see the Tyber frozen over and covered with skating Boys, as the surface of the Delaware often is at this day. Whereas at present the fields are rarely whitened by snow, and the river has not been frozen within the memory of Man.

In modern Rome an Essay upon any thing, but the wonderful life of the Saint that was last canonized, would be itself a wonder; and the only Newspaper that can be seen at the Coffee-Houses or the Book-Stores is the still solitary *Gazzetta* of Venice, whose name bespeaks the antiquated Original of the innumerable Advertisers of Europe and America.

Accordingly, of the history, or geography—the religion, or the politics of surrounding Countries, nothing is distinctly known at Rome; and Cardinal A——, when our Countryman W—— was introduced for his protection, as a Student of Painting from Philadelphia, being then blind with age, desired to feel the features of the young American

—the first that had ever appeared at Rome; and, with a smile of courtly condescension, he expressed himself agreeably surprised to find that they were not unlike his own.

Royal wit is everywhere scarce, but particularly so at Rome; yet it is told, I think of Ganganelli—perhaps because it could not be supposed with probability of any other Head that has worn the triple Crown since Sixtus V. that his *Holiness* once meeting a Capuchin, well mounted, humorously asked the barefooted Friar how long it was since St. Francis rode on horseback, and was tartly answered "Ever since St. Peter rode in a coach."

It is said too that the same Pope asked Cardinal B—— if he was sincere when he wished he might live forever, according to the phraseology of etiquette, on his elevation to the Papal Chair—"As much so," replied his Eminence, "as your *Holiness*, when you did hom-"age to your beatified Predecessor."

At Rome, at least before the French and English taught a better taste, the palm of excellence was distributed among the unrivalled Painters of the Age of Leo X. by the rules of devotion, rather than those of taste—The Transfiguration of Raphael—the Communion of Domenichino—the Crucifixion of Daniel de Volterre—and the St. Romuald of Andrea Sacchi were long considered as the finest Paintings in Rome, by the devout

monstrous model of the Hercules of Glycon, which at London in the full extravagance of unnatural proportions oppresses, with his ponderous and unwieldy limbs, the Stair-case of the Royal Academy.

At Rome the devotion of the Commonalty is constant and invariable—you would think they had nothing else to do but attend to the ceremonies of the Church; yet such is the ferment occasioned by the drawing of the Lottery, that the quantity of bread then consumed at Rome is observed by the Bakers to be perceptibly less than usual. Many of them hear a mass at the next Chapel every morning, though in winter matins take place an hour before day, and between the frequent holydays there is always

always an Illumination—a Concert—or a Representation in dumb shew of Scripture History, at some one or other of the innumerable Churches, to amuse every day of the tedious interval between Christmas and Easter—between Easter and the Anniversary of St. Peter and St. Paul—between this Anniversary and that of the reigning Pope—and between that and Christmas, beginning again the never-ceasing round.

But the sameness of annual exhibitions is seasonably varied by occasional Interludes—the Coronation of a Pope—or the Interment of a Cardinal, expected with equal eagerness, and enjoyed with equal satisfaction, by gaping Crowds; who thus, without perceiving it, barter their

their individual interests for the splendour of the Church.

All these operations however are performed with the usual indifference of matters of course.—Polite People will compliment one another, whilst on their knees before the Altar.—Devotees will give, or take, a pinch of snuff, with all the ease in the world, between a Pater and an Ave.—The very Canons of St. Peter's will snuff up incense from the consecrated censer, which is offered them with affected veneration—resume their seats, with indifference—and talk away the tedious moments, whilst the same ceremony is performed with graduated abatements, before the Beneficiaries, and Residentiary Clerks.—Nay his *Holiness*

liness himself, when kneeling in silent prayer, (a custom derived no doubt from the usage of the primitive Church) will be surrounded by four of his Life-Guards, with their hats upon their heads, and drawn swords glittering in their hands, whilst the silence of his Clerical Attendants is only disturbed by the whisperings of Impatience or the importunities of Beggary.

Even the awful mystery of Transubstantiation, supposed to take place in the mass, is viewed with as little fervour as if the consecrated Wafer was indeed no more than a piece of paste, after the Priest has been poring over it for half an hour—kneeling first on one step of the

Altar, and then on another—reading three sentences with the book on the right side, and three with it on the left—and standing sometimes with his face toward the People, and sometimes with his back: at length elevating the Cup, which he drinks himself, and simply exhibiting the Host in an Ostensory, for the adoration of the People, before he pronounces over them, with extended hands, the "Dominus vobiscum."*

The only ceremony that I ever observed to be accompanied with much appearance of mental fervour or heartfelt zeal was the singing of the litany in a kind of evening service performed before

* The Lord be with you.

before the Madonnas at the corners of the streets.

The Assistants at this ceremony, like those who sing Psalms in Protestant Churches, are seldom deficient in zeal, whatever else they may lack; and it has often stirred up my own stagnant piety to hear them from our windows of an evening, praying with devout vociferation, before an Image in the Corso, in a language they did not understand.

Virgo piissima! Ora pro Nobis!
Mater dolorissima! Ora pro Nobis!
Regina altissima! Ora pro Nobis! *

When

* Most pious Virgin, pray for us! Most sorrowful Mother, pray for us! Most potent Queen, pray for us!

When they have rung all their changes to the same monotonous tune; they generally conclude with a solemn intonation in their native tongue:

Eviva! Maria!
Maria! Eviva!
Eviva! Maria! Eviva! Eviva!
Eviva! Maria! E'chi la creo! *

* Long live Mary, and He who created her!

LETTER XVIII.

Ceremonies of the Church of Rome.

IN the month of October the Pope performs an *Apostolical* Visitation, going every day, in state, to assist at High Mass in one or other of the innumerable Temples whose privileged Shrines have given to modern Rome the sirname of la Santa; and *his Holiness* compliments the Patrons of eight or ten particular Churches by attending on the day of their Anniversaries, when he is borne aloft, on Men's shoulders, through the long drawn Aisles.

On these occasions, little calculated for the edification of Christian humility, Chiaramonti, like his beatified Predecessors, looks down upon the kneeling Crowd, with an eye of sober intoxication.

The Papal functions at the celebration of Christmas begin, an hour before midnight, at the private Chapel of the Palace on Monte Cavallo.

The Capella Paulina is a parallelogram of thirty feet by ninety, with a flat Ceiling. At one end of it is an Altar, overshadowed by a purple Canopy, on one side of which is the Pontifical Throne, on the other a Gallery for the Papal

Papal Band, concealed from view by a screen of trelliswork—Between them are raised seats for the Cardinals, before which are footstools for their Clerical Attendants, whose business it is to adjust the robes of their Eminencies, according to the established ceremonial.

The Sanctum Sanctorum is separated from the lower end of the Chapel, in which Attendants and Spectators are allowed to stand promiscuously, by a low railing, on which are placed six or eight massy Candlesticks, with enormous wax candles, which are always kept burning in time of service, whether it be day or night.

Near

Near the Railing is a raised Pew, latticed round, in which Ladies are permitted to attend, provided they appear in black, and veiled.

Into this Chapel—illuminated with consecrated tapers—the Cardinals in robes of scarlet having been previously seated around the Papal throne—at eleven o'clock on Christmas Eve, in the year 1801, entered Pius VII. arrayed in a scarlet Robe, embroidered with gold, having on his head an episcopal mitre, decked with precious stones—the united voices of a dozen Musicians, ascending at the same moment, in solemn cadence.

When

When the Pope had seated himself on the throne, he graciously received the homage of the Cardinals, approaching his footstool, one by one, in a continued row of adulatory attendance, under a thundering intonation from the Gallery, which continued till their Eminencies had resumed their seats—received the Papal blessing, which was three times thrown over the beaming Ring—and graciously snuffed up the smoking incense that had been cast by *his Holiness* himself, upon the live coal of the censer, presented to him by kneeling Prelates, after having been consecrated at the Altar to scent with its spicy odours—perhaps to purify with its penetrating fumes, the possible, or probable, uncleanness of Princely ministration.

After this ceremony had been performed the music ceased—*Silence prevailed for half an hour*—their Eminencies muttering private ejaculations with different degrees of zeal.—At midnight, all was still. * * * * * * * * * * * * * During the solemn pause—anxious with expectation, Cardinal Litta, a tall and graceful Figure, advanced with a measured step to the middle of the floor, which is on this occasion covered with green cloth—his scarlet robes flowing behind him in an ample train, and pronounced aloud (from a brazen Eagle, on whose outspread wings had been unfolded the sacred Volume) those passages of unparalleled sublimity, in which St. Luke has recorded the annunciation of the birth of Christ.

Now

Now you hear the magnificent prelude of John the Baptist:

*Vox clamantis in deserto: Parate viam Domini!**

Anon you listen to the grand accompaniment of *the Heavenly Host*, singing and praising God in the air:

Gloria in excelsis, Deo! et in terra pax, homines benevolentia!†

And you retire from the imposing scene with your ears still tingling with the joyful acclamation of Simeon, *the Man just and devout, that had long waited for the consolation of Israel;* who, *when the Child Jesus was presented in the*

* *The voice of one crying in the Wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord.*

† *Glory to God in the highest—peace on earth, and good will to Men.*

the Temple, took him up in his arms, and blessed the God of Israel, who had raised up, according to his promise, a Horn of Salvation in the house of his Servant David:

Nunc dimittis Servum tuum, Domine! *

* * *

NOBODY goes to bed at Rome on Christmas Eve—Men, Women, and Children are up in arms, the whole night—running about from Concert to Illumination—and from Illumination to Concert.

There

* *Lord, now lettest thou thy Servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.*

There was a splendid Illumination of the High Altar, at the beautiful Church of San Luigi de Francisi, where the innumerable lights had a brilliant effect upon the gilded stucco of the Nave; but the Clergy of St. Apollinaire—I know not for what reason, disappointed the Public of a Concert that had been devoutly expected.

This desultory movement wears away the night, and toward morning every body flocks to see the Bambino at Santa Maria Maggiore.

Here a Baby is produced, by the Canons, in a side Chapel, at the lower end of the Church.—We were told it was of solid silver before the incursion of the French—It is now of wax.

The

The Bambino was carried in procession, upon a bed of state, beneath a lofty canopy—thousands of Transteverini following pellmell, and singing with all their might, to the upper end of the Church, where the iron gates of the Chapel of Sixtus V. were thrown open to receive it, and a Concert of instrumental music was performed from the organ loft, in emulation of the Symphonies of the Heavenly Host, when the real Messiah was ushered into the World.

At day-break it is brought forth, with the profoundest reverence, and placed upon the High Altar, between silver Cherubims who guard it with their wings.

Here it remains all day to receive the tardy and less tumultuous homage, of the genteeler Classes of Society.

As we went home to breakfast charity was asked in the name of the new-born Bambino, to whom even the Madonna Santissima yields the precedence on Christmas day.

She had been serenaded every morning for a month past, at the corners of the streets, by Calabrian Pipers, whose devout attendance ceasing on the happy delivery, the Monks of Santa Maria now vied with the Nuns of St. Joseph, in their respective exhibitions of the Holy Family, in the Stable of Bethlehem.

At ten o'clock High Mass was celebrated by the Pope himself, at St. Peter's, attended by all the Cardinals, in episcopal habits, flowered with silver, and bordered with Brussels lace; a temporary throne, and seats, having been erected for their accommodation in the Tribune.

On this occasion the Latin and Greek Gospels were chanted by the Priests of the respective Churches, with that peculiar monotony that seems to have been appropriated to the reading of the Scriptures, by ancient and modern Christians, with universal consent.

The Pope's dress was frequently changed during the ceremony, as some operations were to be performed in a red

cloak

cloak—and some in a white one—and some things were to be done with the Mitre on—and some with it off.

He received the Communion in both kinds, himself, sucking a drop of wine from the Chalice, through a Golden pipe —a custom introduced it seems about the Tenth Century, and since discontinued, except by the Pope, whose peculiar privilege it is to do nothing like other People.

The Pontiff afterward administered the Wafer to each of the Cardinals, and was borne away on Men's shoulders, under a silken Canopy—a fan of ostrich feathers, waving on each side of his chair—while drawn swords glittered before and behind.

There must have been five thousand People at St. Peter's, on this occasion, yet there was no crowding—there would have been room for as many more, within the circumference of the Dome alone; —and I make no doubt but that all the People in Philadelphia might have been present, and left room to spare in the immense recesses of this gigantic Edifice.

On such occasions the Pope is slowly conveyed to Church in an old-fashioned State Coach, richly gilt, and drawn by six Horses—the Postillions riding before *his Holiness* bare-headed—a low Coachman's box covered with scarlet damask (the livery of the Postillions) being always left vacant, to give a full view through the fore-glass.

This

This vain parade is preceded by an Ecclesiastic—mounted upon *an Ass*, though bearing in his hand a golden Cross. Thus proudly imitating the humble Jesus, when *he rode into Jerusalem upon an Ass's Colt.* The way too is strewed with tanner's bark—not I presume in imitation of *the palms and garments* that were then *strewed before the Son of David*, but to prevent the irreverent stones from disturbing the serenity of *his Holiness's* meditations—too weakly guarded from the possible effects of a jolt, by the elasticity of steel springs, and downy cushions.

But when the Prince-Bishop rides out to take the air, he drives furiously through the Streets of Rome, in a travelling Coach, preceded by Horse-Guards

Guards, with their swords drawn, and followed by attendant Ecclesiastics, in two or three Coaches and four.

Every body runs to the window, at the cry of *Il Papa! Il Papa!*—the Devout kneel before this heterogeneous rattle, in which the Prelate would be quite lost in the Prince, if his equivocal Holiness did not bestow his blessing as he passes, by waving his right hand over the prostrate Crowd; while Strangers stare, or smile, at the incongruous medley of things sacred and profane.

The Officers of the Pope's Army more willingly contemplate him as a Prince than as a Priest. They never speak of the Pontiff, but always of the Sovereign; and they have evidently, enough

enough to do to keep themselves in countenance, at the head of their ranks, when, according to the established etiquette, they fall upon one knee, and ground their arms before the Pope's Coach—or face about to that of a Cardinal, with the military salute.

The Papal Troops however have at last thrown away their antiquated helmets, and breast-plates, and now appear equally formidable, in a hat and feather; but they still perform the evolutions of tactics with less dexterity than the ceremonies of religion.

Even the Regimental Band, when it plays martial airs, seems like Church music in comparison of the deafening clamour of English drums, and the penetrating

netrating vibration of French trumpets —the favourite instruments of those rival Nations, with which they are always threatening revenge, or breathing defiance, against each other.

MODERN Rome has been emphatically called the kingdom of Priests. Every third or fourth Person you meet in the streets is a Limb of the Priesthood. Many of them make a very genteel appearance, in suits of black, being only distinguished from Laymen by their flapped hats, and silken skirts.

The very same three-cornered hat that is worn at Bethlehem, or Philadelphia, by *the Brother*, or *the Friend*, at Rome would bespeak an Abbé—perhaps a Cardinal, for the red hat is only worn

in

in full dress;—and a Lady Abbess, in the streets of Philadelphia, might pass for a *Single Sister*, or a *Matron Friend.*

These are the Gentry of the Church, and to say nothing of the Cardinals in their Coaches, with three Footmen in laced liveries behind, and a spare Carriage for Attendant Ecclesiastics, they contrast, as much as Laymen themselves, with the vulgar herd of Monks and Friars,

> ——————*white, black, and grey,*
> *With all their trumpery,**——————

the livery of St. Benedict, St. Dominic, or St. Francis.

The

* Milton.

The latter use no linen—wear sandals instead of shoes—and carry a knotted rope about their middle, the symbol—perhaps the instrument, of penance and mortification.

Yet even these pure patterns of Catholic humility sometimes throw away the dingy weeds of their Order for the Imperial purple of the College of Cardinals; and ascend, in their turn, the Papal throne, to wield with one hand the temporal sword and with the other the spiritual rod, over the prostrate Subjects of this two-fold Empire.

The other day there was High Mass at the Pope's Chapel, I forget on what occasion, but I perfectly remember the ceremony.

Ascending

Ascending Monte Cavallo, at eleven o'clock, I found the Court-Yard rattling with the Coaches of the Cardinals; and, mounting the great Stair-case, with a Crowd of priestly personages—some of them in red hats, I amused myself with seeing their Eminencies robed by their Attendants, without the rails of the Chapel.

Some of the Members of the *Sacred College* had the scarlet hoop thrown over their shoulders without losing for a moment the undefinable air of Princely dignity, while others thrust their heads through it with difficulty and waddled into the ring under their robes of state, in a manner that reminded an unvenerating Spectator of so many Old Women in petticoats.

Three of the spiritual Lords looked extremely well in their flowing robes.—They were tall Men, and one of them —advanced in years, added the respectability of age to the dignity of station.

Among the rest came Cardinal York, bending under the weight of years and infirmities.—His approach was marked by unusual respect from the opening Crowd of Attendants and Spectators, in the Lobby of the Chapel; and the good old Man made every body happy, by that familiar affability which distinguishes his Royal Cousin the K—— of G—— B——. He resembles him as much in countenance; and that legitimacy need no longer be denied to the Cardinal Duca, that was politically disputed with the elder Scyon of the unfortunate

tunate House of Stuart, in the Person of the Pretender.

The Cardinal is now the last representative of the abdicated Family; and has merited by his peculiar protection of Englishmen at Rome the Royal Pension of £5000 sterling, which has been nobly remitted him from England, ever since the late Revolution, to enable him to support the Establishment of a Prince of the Blood of England.

When the consistory was assembled, the Pope entered, the Band singing an Anthem, unaccompanied by instruments, none being allowed in the presence of the Pontiff, I suppose from the usage immemorial of the Primitive Church.

His

His Holiness having seated himself on the throne, and being attended on the right hand by a solemn Puppet, in a black gown and full-bottomed wig, too aptly representing the degraded dignity of a Roman Senator, received the customary homage, and pronounced the customary blessing, in the imposing attitude of standing up, and throwing out the right hand with expanded fingers.

After the adoration, Mass was said by a Cardinal, richly attired, in episcopal surcoats—an attendant Ecclesiastic holding up the white silk cloak, embroidered with silver, just high enough to shew his red shoes, and the fine lace of his lawn surplice, over the glowing scarlet of his under garments.

During

During the celebration, a Cardinal Bishop—having the Mitre on his head, was seated in an armed chair, supported by the sacred symbols of the four Evangelists, on the right of the altar—his eyes cast down, as if absorbed in meditation, and his hands extended—one upon each knee, in white gloves, stiff with embroidery.

This hereditary Representative of Primitive perfection, sat the whole time perfectly motionless, unless when he affected to incline his ear to the reading of the Gospels, upon the Altar behind him—a practice probably imitated by uninterrupted succession from the deafness of the aged Patriarchs of the Christian Church.

When

When the Pope had received the Communion, in both kinds, kneeling before the Altar—during which ceremony there was total silence, and was again seated on his throne, the Band struck up aloud, in tones of exultation, while the Pontiff, and afterward the Cardinals,—each in his turn, were liberally perfumed with incense, by a stout Ecclesiastic, who tossed the censer before their sanctities with an air of the profoundest veneration.

A Dominican Monk, in the habit of his order,—which is black with a broad white cape, instead of a hood, hats being allowed to the genteeler Classes of Monks instead of cowls, now preached a Sermon before their Eminencies, in sonorous Latin, pronounced with all the distinctness of enunciation, and temperance

rance of gesture, becoming, in the presence of a Princely Audience.

To descend from the aerial elevation of the Papal Chapel to the subterraneous Vaults of the Confraternity of the Dead—a Charnel-House of Human bones, under one of the sixty or seventy Churches at Rome that have been dedicated to the Virgin Mary, since the expiration of the three first Ages of Christianity.

In these gloomy recesses—haunted by superstitious visions, was first conjured up the tedious adjuration of the Prayer of forty hours—an exhibition of the Sacrament, day and night, upon an illuminated Altar, attended in turn by the Priests of the respective Churches where

it

it is exhibited (once a year) and visited by all the Devout of the neighbourhood, who embrace these opportunities to signalize their zeal by midnight devotion.*

The celebration of the Ottavario delle Morte [the week of the Dead] peculiarly belongs to this consecrated Brotherhood, though every Church in Rome, then exhibits upon its pavement a funeral Pall, crowned with a death's head, and hung with cross bones. Around this Simulatory the Friends and Relations of All who have perished in the Ocean, or been slain in battle, during the past year, have an opportunity to attend their imaginary obsequies, and thus bestow on their unburied Reliques the benefit of Christian Burial.

On

On this occasion the Vaults of "our Lady," adjured by the solemn surnames "of prayer" and "of death"—completely lined, paved, and arched over with Human bones, in every variety of arrangement, sometimes ridiculously horrible, are fitted up with a dramatic representation of the Pool of Bethesda, designed to induce the crowding Populace to have masses said in the Church above for the Souls of their departed Friends, who may be thus (say the Priests at the Altar) as surely delivered from the pains of purgatory, as the Infirm Man in the Gospel, would have been cured of his infirmity, if he had had any body to have thrown him into the Pool, when the Angel troubled the water.

Marvel not, Gentle Reader, at the furniture of this Sepulchre—a Vault is a suitable receptacle for dead men's bones: I could take thee to a Church beside the Dome of St. Peter's, where thou mightest see the walls of a frequented Chapel, entirely constructed with the bones of thy Fellow Creatures exposed in the face of day.

There death's heads would mock thee from the storied windows, and disjointed bones would threaten thee from tottering pinnacles, reared upon Gothic butments, of fantastic lightness, whose airy spiracles are knotted with the balls and sockets of knees and elbows, bleaching in the wind.

But

But dry bones are not the only Reliques of the Dead which are indecently exposed in Catholic Countries. Their sallow Corpses are conveyed to Church upon an open bier, only accompanied by hired Fraternities, who attend in white frocks, under the unchristian disguise of a mask; and the rude Mummers often talk, and sometimes laugh, aloud, as they roar out unhallowed hymns, along the inattentive street.

A Prince or a Prelate will lie in state for a day or two, surrounded with burning tapers upon the pavement of a Nave, and canopied by the Arcades of a Church, hung with black, and fringed with tinsel.

A few

A few days ago I saw the emaciated features of the Prince de M—— exposed in this shocking manner, in full dress, to the gaping Populace,—his hat upon his head, his sword by his side, and his shoes on his feet, while masses were saying in a dozen Chapels for the doubtful repose of his Soul, though I never understood but what he was a good Catholic, and as such must have had the benefit of *plenary indulgence*, and Apostolic benediction.

Enough of the ceremonies of the *holy* Roman Church.—But your Friend was not to be quit at Rome for the interior of Tombs and Churches.—I have seen, would you believe it! the inside of a Prison; and felt the feverish impatience.

tience of involuntary confinement, for four and twenty hours together.

You must know then, that the last moon-light nights tempted my curiosity to break through the gentle restraints of my prudent Adviser, on a solitary excursion through the most unfrequented parts of Rome.

I must needs see the dancing moon-beams shoot a fairy glimmer athwart the Colonnades of St. Peter's, and pour a stream of silver across the mountain of the Dome.

I must needs explore the bleak Arcades of the Amphitheatre—infamous for the resort of Thieves and Murderers, when

when their frowning horrors were dimly reflected by the lunar ray.

As I contemplated the vast circumference, and unequal elevation, of the crumbling walls, they faintly resounded to the broken chant of a solitary Friar, slumbering over his nocturnal orisons, by a glimmering straw light, in the lonely Oratory that has been erected to consecrate the unhallowed spot.

If I had not been an incorrigible Amateur of the sublime, in the composition of which, unfortunately, terror as we are told by one that understood it well, is an indispensible ingredient, I might have taken warning from the dozing Mutterer, and gone home while I was well: But I had still another object of moon-light devotion

devotion—The Portico of St. John de Lateran, and the Obelisk of Thebes.

I scanned the mystic Column, and I viewed the elevation of the Portico, in every direction of picturesque effect, till a Penitent kneeled before the Gates, which broke the charm and I suddenly turned about for home, which my long and hasty strides promised to reach in half an hour, and bless me again with the smiles of expecting affection.

But the moment I reached the portentous walls of the Coliseum, I was arrested with a shrill "*Chi é?*"*—It was uttered by the nightly Watch, who meeting me at such an hour, in a place so suspicious, demanded my Passport—I felt

* Who's there?

felt for it—but found it not—and though I had in my head a smattering of half the languages in Europe, I was unable to make them understand me. They therefore hurried me to the Guard-House, and there left me to ruminate upon my situation, in the charge of the Corporal of the night.

I sent off one Soldier after another, to relieve the anxiety of my Wife with the intelligence of my confinement—But they returned—one after another, without finding my Lodgings, though I could repeat to them by heart that they were "Incontro San Carlo al Corso."*

I vented myself at first by rating at their unaccountable stupidity, in a hodge podge

* Opposite to St. Charles's in the Corso.

podge of languages—the chief ingredient of which was French, though it was highly seasoned with Latin and Italian phrases of vexation and contempt; but toward midnight I was stung to desperation by the distress of my Wife, and forced the astonished Corporal to let me go under a guard, on a promise to return, as soon as I had informed her of my situation.

By this time the Moon was obscured by clouds—there fell a drizzling rain—we fetched a circuit through lanes and alleys, to avoid being hailed by the Main Guard—and as soon as I came within sight of our Chambers, I perceived the Partner of my Heart at her window—listening to every breeze.

The sight of me was enough for her, though under a Guard of Soldiers, and she willingly permitted me to go back with them, accompanied by our Landlord, whom she had vainly importuned to go in search of her Husband among the broken vaults of the Coliseum, where she had fancied him weltering in his blood.

The Landlady however had endeavoured to console her by praying before a Picture of "our Lady of Miracles," that the unhappy Forestieri might be restored by her propitious interference.

Next morning I was transferred to the Main Guard in the Piazza Colonna, between two Soldiers, who had been directed

ed to leave their arms behind them, in deference to the confidential appearance of their Prisoner.

Here I could contemplate at leisure the Bas Reliefs of the Colonna Antonina, in the middle of the Square: for the Officers on duty received me with politeness, and left me, at large, in their own apartments—excusing the unnecessary officiousness of the Watch.

I was soon waited on by the Abbé C—— a lively little Cicerone, well known to the officers of Government, at the request of our affectionate Landlord, who assured me, with tears in his eyes, that he would not rest till he had procured my enlargement.

The

The Abbé was no sooner withdrawn than my dear B—— ascended the stairs of my Prison, through a file of Soldiers, and entered with a smile of serenity, before the officers of the Guard.

But it was not till after night that my worthy Landlord brought me a discharge, which it had been impossible to procure before, from the insolence of power, or the delays of office; telling me in a whisper that I might think myself well off to have fallen into the hands of the Soldiers, for the Sbirri [a sort of Constables] would have stripped me of my watch and money, as the customary perquisite of their rapacity, for which there was no redress, as they were under the protection of a well-known Cardinal.

A FEW days after this vexatious adventure, took place the coronation of the *immortal* Pio Settimo, as the modern Romans make no more scruple to call one tottering Prelate after another, than the ancient, did to deify their living Emperors.

This ceremony is perhaps more properly the taking possession of the Church of St. John de Lateran, and being installed as universal Bishop in the See of Rome. It had been deferred near two years for political reasons, but was now performed, with great pomp, in the presence of a hundred thousand Spectators.

The day was fine, and the Streets of Rome, from the Palace to the Church, were

were lined with impatient crowds, and gayly adorned with rich hangings streaming from every window.

The Courts and the Fields around the Church (for like many other ancient Churches at Rome St. John's is now quite out of Town, though within the Walls of the ancient City) swarmed with People, on foot, and in carriages.

At some distance to the left of the noble Portico, already described, a Pavilion had been fitted up for the Senator of Rome, the Representative of the Temporal Administration of this *Ghostly* Empire.

His lordship soon appeared in a State Coach, and took the station from which he

he was to address the Pontiff in a set Speech, upon his arrival on the ground.

The train of the State Pageant was followed by those of the temporal Barons, who alighted in the Court, and ranged themselves, according to their rank, within the Portico, where they were to do homage to their *spiritual* Sovereign, as he passed into the Church.

The Papal Troops now took possession of the Avenues, and ranged a dozen pieces of cannon in front of the parade.—

An hour afterward appeared the Pope, drawn in a magnificent Coach of State, in which he was attended by two Prelates—bare-headed.

He

He was arrayed in white and silver, and listened with condescending *inattention* to the tedious harangue of the Senator, at the Coach side, being evidently discomposed at the sight of the innumerable Multitude by which he was surrounded.

From time immemorial, *their Holinesses* on this occasion have been reverently led to Church, mounted upon a white Palfrey, and sheltered from rain, or sunshine, by a silk umbrella, held over their heads by a sturdy Priest. Ganganelli was I think the first that ventured to break through the antiquated custom—in this Age of universal innovation.

Their

Their clerical Attendants however still ride after them, in the style of Antiquity, and make a respectable appearance, on horse-back, as they follow, two and two, in flowing cloaks of purple cloth.

While the Pope was received on the steps, and conducted into the Portico, to accept the homage of the Barons, we got into the Church, with great difficulty, under favour of the Guards on duty.

We found the spacious Aisles by no means crowded, though thousands of People, genteelly drest, no others being admitted, were already ranged on both sides of the Files of Soldiers, that lined a broad passage from the great Door, to

the High Altar, a distance of two hundred feet.

The Pope's Band, in linen vestments, waited within the folding Doors, and the moment they were thrown open, they raised a solemn intonation, of voices only, as the new Pope entered the majestic Aisle, which is so nobly ornamented by colossal Statues of the Twelve Apostles; and the College of Cardinals fell into his train, from a Side Chapel, richly habited, in Episcopal garments of white silk, embroidered with silver, having mitres of the same on their heads.

The Pope now paid his devotions, during a pause of silence, at a side Altar; and returning to the Nave, with the attendant

attendant Train of Cardinal Bishops, he proceeded round the High Altar to the Tribune, ascended the throne, and was invested with the Triple Crown, sparkling with diamonds, and beaming with emeralds and sapphires.

After the coronation, the Pope ascended to the second story of the Portico. The great Doors were thrown open, below, and every body hastened to the principal front of this venerable Edifice to see "the Vicar of Christ" appear at the Balcony, and pronounce absolvatory benediction, from an elevation, of fifty feet.

The moment the Pope advances, like a fairy vision, invisibly supported over the heads of attending Cardinals—the cannons

cannons roar—they are reverberated from the distant Castle—the great Bell of St. John's rings out—and ten thousand voices shout at once,

Eviva! Eviva!

The Pope rises from his seat—All is instantly still as midnight. * * * * * * * The People kneel, or should kneel, to receive the Apostolic benediction.—The Pope pronounces it, with extended arms—and is again withdrawn, as if by art magic, during a thundering peal of universal acclamation!

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